THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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TERMS: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME XII. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1879. NUMBER 41.

Facing the Heights.

I.

Since the one song that we sing is
But a sad one!
Since the presence that we bring is
Not a glad one;
Must we—you, my heart and I—
Stay to watch the world run by,
While we two sit back and cry—
Wearily?

II.

What! Is this our strait? and truly
Is all lost?
Is hope given up and duly
Shrived and crossed?
Come, heart! Cannot you and I
Yon untrodden country try,
Rather than lie down and die—
Drearily?

III.

Seems to me the hills glow greenly
Over there.
If our fate has served us meanly,
Can't we bear?
Let us trudge it, you and I,
Heart, to where these new lands lie;
Let us bid the old good-bye—
Cheerily!

—*Howard Glyndon, in Appletons'.*

Marthy Ellen.

There's nothin' in the name to strike
A feller more'n common-like!
'Taint liable to git no praise
Nor nothin' like it nowadays;
And yit that name o' her'n is jest
As purty as the purtiest—
And more'n that, I'm here to say
I'll live a-thinkin' that away
And die for Marthy Ellen'

It may be I was predjudust
In favor of it from the fust—
'Cause I kin recollect jest how
We met, and hear her mother now
A-callin' of her down the road—
(The aggravatin' little toad!)—
And I kin see her, sorto' half-
Way disappointed, turn and laugh
And mook her—"Marthy Ellen!"

Our people never hed no fuss,
And yit they never took to us;
We neighbored back and forards some;
Until they see she liked to come
To our house—and me and her
Was jest together ever'whur
And all the time—and when they'd see
That I liked her, and she liked me,
They'd holler "Marthy Ellen!

When we growed up, and they shet down
On me and her a-runnin' roun'
Together, and her father said
"He'd never leave her nary red,
So help him, el she married me,"
And so on—and her mother she
Jest agged the gyrl, and said "she 'lowed
She'd ruther see her in her shroud,"
I wrote to Marthy Ellen.

That is, I kindo' took my pen
In hand, and stated whur and when
The ordersigned would be that night
With two good hosses, saddled right
For lively travelin'—in case
Her folks ud like to jine the race.
She sent the same note back, and writ
"The rose is red!" right under it—
"Your'n allus—Marthy Ellen."

That's all, I reckon—nothin' more
To tell but what you've heerd afore—
The same old story—sweeter tho'
For all the trouble, don't you know!
Old-fashioned name! and yit it's jest
As purty as the purtiest!
And more'n that, I'm here to say
I'll live a thinkin' thataway
And die for Marthy Ellen.

—*J. C. Walker, in Kokomo Tribune.*

IN THE SHAWANGUMS.

Mr. Slingerland Valentine sat in his capacious arm-chair, his hands resting on its broad arms, his forehead puckered up into a nest of wrinkles, his eyes staring with intense, puzzled thoughtfulness out through the window of his room into the beauties of the park beyond.

"I wonder what ever possessed me," he thought—"I do wonder what ever possessed me? Here I am, fifty-seven years old, and fool enough to imagine I couldn't get along the rest of my life as well as heretofore, and to go and actually ask pretty little Effie Herman to marry—marry me!"

As if the idea were appalling, Mr. Valentine arose from his chair, and began a restless, desperate sort of promenade around his room.

"Not that she isn't the sweetest little creature that ever lifted a pair of blue eyes to a man's face—a dainty, flower-like girl, who'n anybody would love; but to think—why, I'm confounded fool I've been, and I old enough to be her grandfather!"

A stern, half-indignant look came to his eyes, and he paused a minute, as if to more fully appreciate the folly of his position.

"Of course it's impossible the child cares for me; of course it's my money—that has won her and the consent of her mother. Well," and the hale, robust old gentleman threw a long, deep sigh, and plunged resignedly into the depths of his Turkish chair again. "Well, there's no getting out of it now. I'm not the first man that has made a fool of himself over a pretty face, but at fifty-seven, Slingerland Valentine, you certainly were supposed to know better."

And then he solaced himself with a cigar, while, in another room, in a pretty little cottage not far away, Effie Herman was sitting in the vine-wreathed bay-window, making an exquisite picture of herself among the swaying foliage, and looking very bewitchingly frowning as she flashed a glance from her blue eyes across the room at her mother sitting stately and elegant in her gothic-back chair.

"I never hoped to hear such nonsense from a child of mine, Effie. The idea of not wanting to marry Mr. Valentine! Why, he can give you everything in the world you can think of. To be his wife means a bridal tour to Europe; to be mistress of his magnificent mansion on Fifth avenue; to dispense hospitality at his Long Branch villa; to have command of all that is luxurious, elegant, in every sense. And you don't want to marry him!"

Effie pouted her red lips.

"No, I don't! Mamma, your side of the picture is very tempting, but my side all the time keeps showing me a fat, bald-headed, stumpy old man, who wears false teeth, and pads his coat, and tries to look and act as if he were twenty years younger than he is. Mamma, I don't want to marry him at all!"

And something very like a sob came piteously from the girl's lips.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," Mrs. Herman said, severely. "You shall not be allowed to throw away such a chance for the sake of sickly sentiment. You know what a struggle my life has been, on account of poverty and obscurity, and I resolved, years ago, to save you from a like fate."

Effie opened her blue eyes widely.

"Poverty, obscurity, mamma? Why, I think we have a lovely home, and enough of everything—"

"That will do, Effie! You need bring no imaginary arguments to confute my assertions; and, as far as Mr. Valentine is concerned, your word is pledged, and the wedding day set for July 25."

Then a sudden little resolution shone in Effie's eyes, and she ceased toying with the swaying spray of strawberry plant.

"Mamma, I have told you, as kindly as I know how, that I do not want to marry that old gentleman; but, as you seem to take no notice whatever of my wishes, I will not marry him!"

And the blue eyes flashed, and a scarlet stain came on both cheeks.

Mrs. Herman laughed lightly.

"You foolish child! What weight do you imagine your words have with me? You will not marry him? Effie, you will, and that settles it!"

"No, mamma, it does not settle it; for the very next time I see Mr. Valentine I shall tell him so!"

For a second Mrs. Herman grew pale with anger; then she looked coldly, sternly at her daughter.

"You will not dare to do it against my positive commands. I will myself see Mr. Valentine, and prepare him for any insanity you may dare to perpetrate; and while I am pushing forward the preparations for your marriage, and Mr. Valentine is superintending the refurnishing of his seaside villa for your occupancy, your will be sent into the country to your Aunt Hepzibah's—a quiet, stupid place—where you will speedily come to your senses, and learn to thank me for having saved you from yourself."

And, twenty-four hours later, Effie Herman was en route for the mountain farmhouse away up in the Jersey Shawangums, and Mrs. Herman was coldly congratulating herself.

"She shall marry him' If there is any understanding between her and Frank Fielding—which I have once or twice imagined—I have effectually put a quietus on that. My letter to sister Hepsy contained strict orders that no living soul, male or female, was to be allowed to see Effie, except members of her own family; and Hepsy was always afraid to offend me—so there's no danger on that score. And two or three weeks will work wonders. She will be glad to come back, and finish the season at Long Branch and Newport as Mr. Valentine's bride, and go to Europe in the winter."

And then Mrs. Herman leaned back in her chair and indulged in a little cat-nap, composed and calmed by the plaudits of a good conscience.

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Such a place as the Berrian farm, up in the Shawangums! Effie had all her life imagined it the most dreary, desolate, forsaken place in all the wide world, and her rapture knew no bounds when she found that it was the very ideal of picturesque, romantic, luxurious loveliness, and that Aunt Hepsy was a genial, jolly soul, brimming over with good nature and good sense; that Uncle Zebedee was worthy to be her husband, and that the girls—Jessie Dunbar and Gwen Comfort—were just the very ideals of cousins, and prepared to make a pet and plaything of their beautiful, dainty city cousin, who somehow (they did'not quite understand) was in a sort of disgrace, on account of a rich suitor she would not accept submissively.

To Effie, the life in the country was just perfect. To get away from Mr. Valentine and his attentions was happiness enough; and, still adamantine in her resolution to "never, never" marry him, under any circumstances, she nevertheless contrived to have a very good time with Jessie and Gwen, uncle and auntie, and—

astute Mamma Herman had quite forgotten in her inventory of things at the farmhouse; or, if not quite forgotten, had at least placed an innocent estimate upon.

However, they became astonishingly good friends, Harry Berrian and Effie, and before a month had passed Effie had confided all her sorrows to her handsome sympathetic cousin, who assured her vehemently that it was an outrage that she should be so deliberately bargained for; and that, were he to be her counselor, and she followed his advice, she would stick to her resolution, and never give her hand where she could not give her heart.

And then he looked at her in an eager sort of way, and Effie drooped her eyes, and that was all that there was about it.

It seemed as if Fate itself was working in Mrs. Herman's behalf, for Mr. Valentine had not at all taken it amiss when she informed him she had sent "Effie dear" up among the mountains for a few weeks' recreation, so that she might be bright and blooming for the wedding. Indeed, in his own heart he felt considerably relieved, and was gayer in his own spirits than he had been for many a day.

Until, very suddenly, a terrible attack of rheumatism seized him and put him completely at the rather doubtful, though well-meant, mercy of his hired servants, and in sheer rage and despair Mr. Valentine telegraphed to his sister-in-law, away up in Vermont, to come and look after him.

"If only I had been able to nurse you, dear Mr. Valentine!" Mrs. Herman cooed, sweetly. "But Madam Grundy would be sure to be disagreeable. If only you were married now, just imagine how devoted dear Effie and I would be! As it is, I do really think the best thing you can do is to send for Mrs. Grey."

And Mrs. Grey came—a plump, cheery, comely little lady, with soft, shining brown hair, all in waves and ripples, and merry, intelligent eyes, brown and big, and a sweet, vibrant voice, the very sound of which held a comfort and strengthfulness in its soothingtones.

She was a born nurse, and a born housekeeper, and even in his sick-room Mr. Valentine was conscious of the noiseless running of the domestic machinery, while in the many pleasant, confidential talks they had, her good common sense was always apparent.

"It's no wonder Jack worshiped her—poor fellow," he thought.

"And you are actually going to be married, Slingerland? I was quite surprised when I heard of it; and a charming young girl she is! Dear me is!"

"Well, yes, I believe I am thinking about it, Amy. Yes, Miss Herman is a very sweet, pretty little girl!"

"I'm sure you thought seriously over it before you decided; it's an important thing to do, Slingerland, and specially important when a man comes to your age and wants a young wife. I do hope you'll be satisfied."

Mr. Valentine puckered up his forehead, doubtfully.

"Oh, dear me! yes, I hope so. A man's bound to make a fool of himself once in his life, and it's happened to me later than to most. Oh, yes, I dare say Effie and I'll get on very well."

A curious little smile crept to Mrs. Grey's red lips—such ripe-red lips, like luscious damask roses.

"You don't talk like the enthusiastic lover I expected to find," she said, brightly, biting her pretty lip to keep from laughing, for shrewd Mrs. Grey was quite well convinced that her brother-in-law was repenting his word.

"And I don't feel enthusiastic, either," he blurted out, his face reddening under her surprised, innocent blue eyes. "The fact is, I went bewitched

Jessie and Gwen's brother, uncle and auntie's son, Effie's own cousin, whom over a pretty face, and somebody ought to have kicked me from here to Jericho before I made such a deuced—ass—yes—of myself."

Jack's widow drew down the white shade, so that the invalid bear would not have the western sunlight too direct in his eyes.

"It isn't so bad as that, I hope, Slingerland, is it? Well, don't let's bother about it any more just now. Be quiet a little while, while I run down and see what I can find for your supper."

She went away, leaving Mr. Valentine thinking all sorts of curious thoughts, very prominent among which was what a good wife poor Jack had, and what a deuced fine-looking woman she was yet, and how amazingly he liked to have her around, and what the dickens he would do when she went away.

Up in the Shawangums the August days were royal in their pulsing ardor, and Effie and Cousin Harry had, quite some time before, decided that it was the most delightful summer of their lives, when, into all the sweetness and beauty and content, one day there came a letter to Aunt Hepsy from Mrs. Herman, saying that Mr. Slingerland Valentine was coming to see his betrothed and that Effie was to treat him accordingly.

And, three hours later, the gentleman himself appeared, to the awe of Jessie and Gwen, and the admiration of simple-minded auntie, who ushered him, and all his glory of massive gold watch chain and sparkle of diamond studs, into the prim, cool, dark "parlor;" where the chairs—six of them—sat in straight rows, and the carpet was the identical striped one that had been a bridal present—and a rare and costly one in those days—to Aunt Hepsy and Uncle Zeb.

Effie was all aflush as she went in to greet him, and her eyes were shining resolutely as she crossed the floor to shake hands with him.

And Mr. Valentine also had an unusual look in his florid face, and not a little resoluteness in his eyes as he rose to meet her.

"I hope you are well, Miss Effie; you are looking, as usual, most charmingly. Sorry I have such a short time to stay, but—but the fact is, I just ran up on a little matter of business, you see, and I won't detain you longer than is necessary."

His heart was thumping very undisciplinedly, but when one takes into consideration the "business" that had brought him, it was scarcely to be wondered at—business which only the memory of Jack's plump, buxom widow made him brave enough to transact, after he was actually face to face with this blue-eyed girl.

"He means to give me a lecture, and mamma has told him what I said," was Effie's thought; "and I'll never, never marry him, and I'll tell him so—now, this minute!"

So she looked up at him, very frankly, very honestly, very bewitchingly.

"You have good reason to be vexed with me, I know, Mr. Valentine, but what I told mamma to tell you I must repeat. I don't love you, Mr. Valentine, and—and I cannot marry one I do not love. Please don't be angry, will you?"

Angry! Every nerve in his body was dancing a jubilate. Angry, to be thus gracefully, charmingly given the freedom he had come to crave.

He laughed outright.

"Can it be possible? Why, Effie, I came purposely to see if you wouldn't let me off, because, you see, my brother's widow is a very fine woman, and—"

Then Effie caught his hand impulsively.

"Oh, that is just the very thing for you. Mrs. Grey! Yes—why, you ought to have thought of that long ago. And I"—and a delicious blush came to her lovely face—"I am engaged to my cousin Harry, Mr. Valentine, and oh, I do love him so!"

And that was the result of the trip to the Shawangums, and Mrs. Herman bit her lips in vain at the result of her own little bit of generalship.

English Professional Beauties.

Old-fashioned people marvel much at the homage paid to the professional beauties in society. If one of them stays at the house of a lion-hunting old peer she is taken in to dinner in precedence of ladies of far superior rank. Her wishes are law as to the arrangements and amusements of the whole party, and everything is made subservient to her whims. She generally has a little court of ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and, if you invite her to your house, you must ask some of these to meet her or she will be bored and sulky. When you have succeeded in persuading a beauty to stay with you, you must of course be prepared to take the consequences. Her will must be yours. You will be lucky if her favorite amusement is simply to pose herself in graceful attitudes and look beautiful. Less interesting, the statuesque beauty is far preferable as a guest to the lively beauty. The latter, when in a playful humor, is apt to become overpowering. She exhibits her lightheartedness by cramming pieces of ice inside of gentlemen's shirt collars, and by throwing a glassful of champagne at an admirer on the opposite side of the table. She hurls peaches, which have cost you a shilling apiece, at the heads of her friends, scrambles with her neighbor at table and breaks one of your best dessert plates. But you must not mind; this is merely the little fee of the great professional. She proposes a ride, and astonishes the inhabitants of your well-conducted and quiet village by riding one of your horses through it at a full gallop, accompanied by her court, whom she compels to ride at the same pace. She volunteers to drive your phaeton or four-in-hand, and will think it a good joke to drive into somebody or something, and if she smashes your carriage, it is all done in fun, and she expresses herself as so thankful that "nobody was hurt." When you are sitting with your men friends after dinner, you will probably congratulate yourself upon your temporary respite from the pleasantries of your pretty guest, but perhaps you would scarcely feel so satisfied if you were aware that she was at that moment engaged in paying private visits to the rooms of each of your male visitors, making an apple-pie bed for one, pomading the sponge of another, sewing up the night-shirt of a third, peppering the pillows of a fourth, and so on. It will probably end in your having to apologize for her conduct to at least one of your guests in the morning, and when the party is dispersed, you will most likely register a vow that whatever lions or lionesses you may pursue for the future, you will never take home another professional beauty. It were better even to fill your house with prigs and blue-stockings, women of mind, and girls who are "intense," than to become the host of a professional beauty and her court.—*London Saturday Review.*

Invention in China.

For many centuries the Chinese powers of invention are understood to have been at a standstill. They were the originators of many of our chief appliances, the mariner's compass, gunpowder, printing, etc., but all this was before Europe had any intercourse with them. Since the first Jesuit missionaries went into China and described the habits of the people, indeed since Marco Polo was the great Khan's guest, the Chinese mind and nature have been stagnant. These people can imitate with the most wonderful facility, but it has seemed as if they could not attain to the higher plane of originality. But on the 13th of June last an imperial decree, addressed to Shen-Pao-Chen, Governor-General of Nankin, ordered him to pay to Tung-Yu-Ch'i, an expectant sub-prefect in the province of Anhwui, the sum of 3,000 taels, in order to enable him to perfect his invention of a steamboat to be impelled by steam generated without the use of fire, which shall suppiant the one using fire. Shen-Pao-Chen, Li-Hung-Chang and Ting-Jin-Ch'ang are further directed to examine the diagram and illustrations of the invention and to give it their most careful consideration. It thus appears that the Chinese have resumed invention, and are likely to have a Keeley motor amongst them. Last year this same Tung is said to have fastened upon Shen-Pao-Chen, exhibited his motor to him, a combination of cog-wheel, planetary motion, and the signs of the zodiac, and wheedled him out of 3,000 taels. Shen, after submitting the diagrams to the English, found that Tung's plan was nothing but the old exploded perpetual motion device by means of a weighted wheel, and refused to do anything more for him. Tung, however, has now procured orders which Shen must obey, though it cost him 3,000 taels more. Tung is certainly a genius of an inventive turn. He would make a good confidence man, any how, even if his machine fails to work.

Bow-Legs and Knock-Knees.

Bow-legs and knock-knees are among the commonest deformities of humanity, and a Manchester (England) physician, Dr. Compton, attributes the first mentioned distortion to a habit some youngsters delight in, of rubbing the sole of one foot against the other; some will go to sleep with the soles together. They appear to enjoy the contact only when the feet are naked, they don't attempt to make it when the feet are socked and slippered. So the remedy is obvious; keep the baby soles covered. Knock-knees the doctor ascribes to a different childish habit, that of sleeping on the side with one knee tucked under the hollow behind the other. He has found that where one leg has been bowed inward more than the other, that patient has always slept on one side, and the uppermost member has been the most deformed. Here the preventative is to pad the inside of the knees so as to keep them apart, and let the limbs grow freely their own way. All of which is commended to mothers who desire the physical uprightness of their progeny.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Halloween.

From the earliest times men have been trying to look ahead. The ancient Egyptians had oracles where their gods were supposed to answer the questions of men by dreams and other ways; the ancient Greeks also had famous oracles, which people came from far-off lands to consult; the Romans killed certain fowls or animals, and guessed at the future by the looks of their internal organs; the Hebrews and the Babylonians had their own peculiar ways of finding out what was to happen. The world has not yet outgrown the longing to look ahead. The Hindoo to-day sets a lamp afloat on his sacred river, and judges of the future by the length of time it burns; the Chinaman consults his "wise men," who pretend to understand signs; the ignorant African takes notice of the cries of birds and animals; the English—not long ago—tried to learn by help of what they call "witches;" and spiritualists even now believe the predictions of a "medium."

No serious attempt to look into the future has been made for a long time by intelligent people, and the old customs have become a frolicsome trying of "charms," especially on one night of the year. It is curious enough that the night selected is the eve of the festival of All Saints, which was established in the seventh century by a pope of Rome, in honor of all the saints who had no particular day assigned to them. The Romans brought this festival to England; there it became All Hallows, and the evening before it, Hallow-even or Halloween, and that was the night sacred to charms and games. In the seventeenth century England gave up the night to feasting and frolicking. Nuts and apples were plenty from one end of the island to the other, and "Nut-crack night" was the name given to it.

In England the revels were for fun, such as diving for apples floating in a tub of water, and of course getting very wet; or trying to snatch in the teeth an apple on one end of a stick, which had a lighted candle at the other end, and, being hung by a string, could be spun around very fast, so that the players often seized the candle instead of the fruit; or a playful fortune-telling by naming nuts, roasting them before the fire, and watching their conduct when heated—whether they burned steadily or bounced away, or burst with a noise, each movement of the charmed nut being of great importance.

One nut test was tried by grinding and mixing together a walnut, hazel-nut and nutmeg, making into pills, with butter and sugar, and swallowing them on going to bed. Wonderful dreams would follow (which was not surprising).

In superstitious Scotland the night was given entirely to serious and sometimes frightful attempts to peer into the future by means of charms. One way of trying fortune was to throw a ball of blue yarn out of a window and wind it into a ball again from the other end. Near the last something would hold it fast, when the winder must ask: "Who holds?" The answer would name one who was to have importance in the questioner's future.

Another Scotch custom was "pulling kale-stalks." A young person went blindfolded into the garden, pulled up the first kale or cabbage stalk he touched, and carried it into the house. The whole future was read from that stalk; the size indicated the stature of the future partner in life; the quantity of earth at the roots showed the amount of his or her fortune; the taste of the pith told what the temper would be; and when the stalk was placed over the door, the first name of the person entering was the fated name.

The island of Lewes, on the coast of Scotland, had some curious customs. Young women made a "dumb cake," and baked it before the fire with certain ceremonies and in perfect silence, expecting to see wonders; and the people also sacrificed to a sea-god called Shong, throwing a cup of ale into the sea, and asking him in return for them plenty of sea-weed to enrich their grounds.

In another Scotch trial a girl would go into a barn, holding a winnowing sieve, and stand alone, with both doors open, to see her fate.

The fashion of trying charms is now nearly outgrown among English-speaking people. It survives in America as a pleasant frolic for a social gathering. In old colonial days, young people "sowed hemp seed," "eat apples before the glass," "go down the cellar stairs backward," holding a candle and a mirror. They also "pop chestnuts," "launch walnut-shells," holding tapers, and try the "three-saucer" test of the future.

In some of our cities the boys on Halloween collect old tea-kettles, boots, large stones, etc., and deposit them in clean vestibules, ringing the door-bell and running away.

Thus the thirty-first of October—set apart by a pope as a religious festival—became, in superstitious times, "The Witches' Night;" crossed the ocean as a season for frolics, and ends with a street-boy's joke.—*Olive Thorne, in St. Nicholas.*

The New York Hospitals.

In all there are thirty-one hospitals in the city or its vicinity. Some are of the size and have the appearance of palaces. The newer ones are built of warm red brick, and with their sunny windows, spacious pavilions and galleries, are memorable objects to the city's visitors. There is no kind of physical suffering that may not under ordinary circumstances find treatment in one or the other. The outcast without money who is overtaken by disease, the pale victim of a spinal complaint, the incurable consumptive and the raving creatures stricken with fever, are provided for with care and liberality; the patient with means may command all the luxuries a home could give, and those who are poor have comforts unattainable in their own dwellings.

In nearly all the hospitals the inmates are expected to pay something toward the cost of their subsistence, seven dollars a week being the usual charge, and private apartments are provided for those who desire them, at prices reaching from ten to fifty dollars a week; but we need not say that the persons who usually seek admission to the hospitals are those who are impoverished or friendless; who have no wife, sister or mother to nurse them at home. Often when summoned by the police to take an invalid from some tenement, the ambulance surgeon in strenuously resisted by the patient himself and his relatives; even among the intelligent artisan classes there is a prejudice against hospitals, and it is only out of dire necessity that the clean, commodious ward with every facility for treatment, is preferred above "home," though "home" may be a fireless and unfurnished attic.

While most of the inmates of the other hospitals have patrons if not money, a large proportion of those at Bellevue belong to the poorest of the poor, who drift through the agonies of disease and the tedium of unnumbered days to unpitied and unremembered deaths, with no tenderer parting than that of the strange nurse. Some of the patients lie for months without receiving one friendly call except from the minister or the women of the Flower Mission. In one of the women's wards we saw a pair of wide-open eyes fixed upon us, and saw them in a colorless face, with lips pursed up as if to hold back the low moan that escaped them. This poor wretch had been in the hospital eighteen months, during which not a soul except the officials had been to see her, and from day to day she entered the uppermost member has been the most deformed. Here the preventative is to pad the inside of the knees so as to keep them apart, and let the limbs grow freely their own way. All of which is commended to mothers who desire the physical uprightness of their progeny.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

A yacht can stand on a tact without swearing. Some men can't.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The preserving of fruits, vegetables, etc., is an industry of very large proportions in the United States, and the processes of manufacture have become so perfected there is but very little material wasted. The skins of the fruit are converted into jellies; the peach stones are sold to druggists; the tomato peelings and the very scrapings of the table go to the catsup makers. The entire process of desiccation occupies about three hours.

Diphtheria is prevailing to such an alarming extent in Southeastern Russia that the Minister of the Interior, acting on the advice of the Medical Council, has ordered summary medical and sanitary measures to be taken in all the governments of that region to arrest its progress. Doctors, surgeons and nurses are to be sent wherever it exists, hospitals are to be established for disinfecting clothes and linen, every dwelling affected by the epidemic is to be thoroughly purified, and the authorities are clothed with the power to use every possible means to arrest the progress of the disease.

A wick for lamps is now manufactured entirely of glass, by a firm in Hanau, Germany. It is designed chiefly for use in petroleum and spirit-lamps; and, with an equal amount of the wick turned up, it gives a much brighter light than cotton wick. In the spirit-lamp, too, it is found to greatly increase the heat of the flame. No sparks are given off by this incombustible wick, nor does the light flare in draughts to the extent which it does with a burning wick; hence it makes the lamp safer. The smoking is also reduced, and it is stated that ten per cent. of oil is saved by its use. Of course the disagreeable task of trimming the lamp is rendered unnecessary, for being of glass the wick does not consume, but wastes away very slightly by fusion.

Among the chemicals of American manufacture which have superseded foreign articles may be mentioned tartaric acid, the importation of which last year reached only 183 pounds, against 500,000 not long ago. Of citric acid, 27,018 pounds were imported, against a previous annual importation of 250,000. The lime juice from which the acid is made is still imported, on account of the small growth of limes and lemons in the United States. If Southern agriculturists gave attention to these fruits, says the New York *Sun*, a new industry, in extracting the juice, could be developed. Last year but 3,492 pounds of borax were imported, owing to the working of new borax mines. Formerly from 600,000 to 1,000,000 pounds were annually received. Of cream tartar, none was received in 1878 from abroad. About six years ago the receipts were 9,000,000 pounds annually.

The cast steel manufactory at Essen, Germany, has existed since 1810. It has been conducted by the present owner, Herr Alfred Krupp, since 1826, and since 1848 for his account. The number of workmen at the close of 1877 amounted to 8,500. There are in these works 1,648 furnaces, seventy-seven steam hammers, the largest of all weighing fifty tons, eighteen trains of rolls and 1,063 machine tools. One of the steam engines at Essen is 1,000 horse power. When all existing facilities are employed, the works can produce in twenty-four hours 2,700 rails, which will lay eleven and seven-eighths miles of line, 350 tiers, 150 locomotives and car axles, 180 car wheels, 1,000 railroad springs, 1,500 grenades, etc. In one month there can be produced 304 field guns and guns of large caliber. At the various works of Herr Krupp there were also employed 5,300 workmen in addition to those already enumerated. The mines attached to the works embrace four coal mines and 562 iron ore mines, including iron mines near Bilbao, in Spain. Four large steamers owned by the works, each of 1,700 tons burden, besides leased steamers, are engaged in the transportation of Spanish ores to Krupp's furnaces on the Rhine. Another steamer, of 1,000 tons burden, is being constructed.

Israel Putnam's Grave.

A letter to the New York *Commercial Advertiser* says: Perhaps your readers would be pleased to read the inscription on the old stone in the graveyard of Brooklyn, Ct., marking the resting-place of General Israel Putnam, of Revolutionary fame. The grave is overgrown with weeds and the stone fast crumbling to dust. It will probably be new to most of your readers that had Washington died during the war with Great Britain, General Putnam, as senior major-general, would have been promoted to the vacant office of commander-in-chief:

sacred be this*
To the memory
of
Israel Putnam Esquire
Senior Major General in the Army
of
The United States of America
Who
Was born at Salem
In the Province of Massachusetts
On the Seventh Day of January
1718
and Died
on the Twenty ninth day of may,
1790.
Passenger
If thou art a Soldier
Drop a tear over the Dust of a Hero.
Who
over attentive
to the Lives and Happiness of his men
Dared to Lead
Where any Dared to Follow.
if a Patriot
Remember the Distinguished and gallant services
Rendered thy Country
By the Patriot who sleeps beneath this marble
If thou art Honest, generous and Worthy
Render a cheerful tribute of Respect
To a Man
Whose generosity was singular
Whose Honesty was Proverbial
Who
Raised Himself to Universal esteem
And officer of Eminent Distinction
By Personal worth
And a
Usefull Life.

*The rest of the sentence is broken off.

Life in Leadville.

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, who has been investigating the "Ups and Downs in Leadville" in the interest of *Scribner*, contributes the result of his labors to the October number of that magazine. Among the numerous anecdotes which he records is the following (the mine referred to in the first being the Dead Man Claim):

It was winter. Scotty had died, and the boys, wanting to give him a right smart of a burial, hired a man for twenty dollars to dig a grave through ten feet of snow and six feet of hard ground. Meanwhile, Scotty was stuffed into a snow bank. Nothing was heard of the grave-digger for three days, and the boys, going out to see what had happened to him, found him in a hole which, begun as a grave, proved to be a sixty-ounce mine. The *quasi* sexton refused to yield, and was not hard pushed, for Scotty was forgotten and staid in the snow-bank till the April sun scarched him out, the boys meanwhile sinking prospect-holes in his intended cemetery.

One mine had its shaft down 135 feet and the indications of success were good. Some capitalists proposed to purchase an interest in it, and a half of the mine was offered them for $10,000, if taken before five o'clock. At half-past four, rich silver ore was struck, and when at half-past five the tardy men of money came leisurely up and signified their consent to the bargain, the manager pointed at the clock and quietly remarked:

"The price of a half interest in this mine now, gentlemen, is sixty thousand dollars."

On a Man's Back.

A writer in *St. Nicholas* describes a four day's journey in a section of the United States of Columbia where travelers and merchandise are transported solely by means of the backs of the natives. The journeys taken from point to point sometimes occupy several days, the travelers resting at night in huts generally perched high up on the mountain-sides. The *St. Nicholas* writer says:

Even women are engaged in this occupation of transporting travelers and merchandise to the interior. A mule must have two boxes or bales of equal weight, that one may balance the other; but when there is some single article of great weight to be carried, a man takes it. These men are very strong and walk off with two hundred pounds, or even more. They are called "Peones" and "Sillateros," meaning chair-bearers. The way is wild and steep, and they go where a mule cannot, thus taking shorter routes, and he who is not accustomed to ride on mules is safer from danger in a chair. Two of our company were ladies, and one of them held a baby. They came from England that they might be with their husbands, who were engaged in gold mining away over and beyond these mountains. When the natives came to Remolino for us, there was a long consultation held by them as to which should carry a certain one of our party—a man who weighed about two hundred pounds. It fell to the lot of the smallest Peon, and how ridiculous it looked to see the large man on the back of this little Indian! Finally, we were all seated, each in his or her chair, and instructed to lean back and remain very still. The men commenced climbing the mountain-side, sometimes on all fours, and occasionally, with their pointed staffs pricking little holes in order to give themselves a surer footing. Now and then we would come to a place comparatively level; then they would shuffle along on a gentle trot, scarcely raising their feet from the ground. They frequently turned round and went backward when descending. Then the rider should remain exceeding quiet, for the least move would overbalance the carrier, and a serious accident might occur. The sensation is very peculiar when in this position, for your face is turned outward toward space, and nothing is seen but sky, while you know there is a great yawning gulf beneath, into which it is dangerous and fearful to look.

Our second day was a trying one, in consequence of a heavy fall of rain having made the ground so slippery that our Peons had to proceed with great caution, and even then the one who carried our two-hundred-pounder fell, dumping him headlong. The ladies and myself laughed so heartily that we nearly came to grief ourselves; but our large friend grew very angry, and, in his excitement, made a furious onslaught on the Peons, threatening to run him through with his umbrella. He sputtered in English while the Peon sputtered in Spanish, and it was long before all things were settled into quiet. I did suspect that the mishap was not altogether accidental, for these men have been known to retaliate on disagreeable riders. We made little resting-spells about each half hour, and in every ravine there was sure to be a stream of cool water. There, while partaking of light refreshment, we would seat ourselves on some rocks or a fallen tree, and enjoy the fairy-like place. I noticed that when the Peons wanted to drink they invariably put a piece of sugar in the mouth first. I asked them why.

"Oh, Senor, it makes the water taste better, and you can drink as much as you like and not get sick."

About four o'clock P. M., we would manage to arrive at some hut, to remain for the night. These dwellings are generally perched up on the mountain-sides, and it is a custom for the Peones to go for water as a return for hospitalities received. It has to be brought from the valley or ravine below, which is sometimes a tedious journey. You would call curious the water-pails these men bring up the hill. Each has one over his shoulder and it looks like a log of wood, but it is a section of *guadua* (a kind of bamboo) about three feet in length. This being hollow, with tight partitions twelve or fifteen inches apart, makes a very convenient vessel. A hole, the size of a dollar, is punched through one end and another through the center partition, and, when the bamboo is filled with water, the outer hole is covered by a leaf which keeps its place by atmospheric pressure, answering all the purposes of a plug.

Letter Carriers.

Long limbs, short limbs, broad frames, narrow frames, fat bodies, thin bodies, handsome faces, plain faces, old and young, there they go, those faithful letter carriers; mid snow and ice, heat and cold, rain and shine, up the steps, down the steps, into stores and under stores, over fields and through lanes, with papers, letters and cards strapped in bags to their bodies like so many pappooses; and surely no squaws were ever more industrious than these good Johns, as they patiently labor in fulfillment of their duty; frequently racking their brains to decipher many of the grotesque superscriptions of their missives ere they return them to headquarters as so many little white waifs with no one to claim them. How zealous they are, not losing a moment, hastening from houses as though they believed them infested with the plague. Important personages, too, after a fashion, despite their plain grey uniform, to whom doors are willingly opened as they appear distributing alike good and evil. How they toil and tramp with the virtue of constancy as a necessity, for once planted on their feet there they must remain, pursuing their daily routine with no comfort save that of a moment's rest upon balustrades as hurried steps in answer to their summons reach the door.

But courage, dear letter carriers, for though you may never become Rothchilds and can only aspire to an affirmative answer to Augur's prayer of "Give neither poverty nor riches," still your vocation is honest, your employment honorable, requiring no capital in the way of falsehoods to sustain it, while better are the small pebbles of annoyances strewn in your pathw y than the great rocks of guilt that so often lie in the road of others.

CARRIE RAMIREZ.

Age for Legal Marriages.

There is considerable deviation in the different European States, in the age at which a legal marriage may be contracted. In Austria the age of discretion is fourteen years. In Hungary each religious sect makes its own regulations—marriages being regarded as entirely ecclesiastical affairs. Russians can contract marriages at the age of eighteen in cases of females. The Italian law fixes the age at eighteen and fifteen, respectively. In Turkey there is no general law. The French and Belgian codes allow marriages of young men at eighteen and girls at fifteen years, but the powers of dispensation in special cases are reserved. In Greece, Spain and Portugal, parties of fourteen and twelve years can contract a binding marriage, but in the latter country the consent of the parents is necessary. According to the amended paragraph of the new civil marriage bill, in Germany, the state of wedlock cannot be entered upon under twenty and sixteen years, respectively, though the existing laws of Prussia and Saxony permitted marriages at earlier periods. There is much dissimilarity in the Swiss laws, every canton having a regulation of its own. In some of them the consent of the parents is necessary, up to twenty-five years. The influence of climate upon the temperament and constitution, is allowed in the Southern nations, where maturity is reached at a much earlier period than among Northern nations.

STORIES OF A MILLIONAIRE.

Daniel Drew, Substitute, Cattle-Driver, Stock Speculator and Bankrupt.

The following anecdotes of the late Daniel Drew, who at one time was worth between fifteen and thirty million dollars, are taken from various New York papers: For forty years Daniel Drew was the most grotesque figure in Wall street. He was in middle life when he gave "the boys" his first "pints" on "sheers." When a raw country lad he began to drive cattle from his native village to the New York market, and subsequently opened a stock-yard, kept a tavern and made a fortune in the steamboat business. Then he went into Wall street, made an immense fortune in stock speculations and wound up by becoming a bankrupt.

He was in his seventeenth year—the same age at which Cornelius Vanderbilt borrowed $100 of his mother, bought a boat and began to ferry marketmen from Staten Island to the Battery. Daniel Drew did not borrow his small capital, he earned it by enlisting as a substitute in the State militia, which had been called into service. The regiment was called to Fort Gansevoort, on the Hudson river, opposite New York. About three months after his enlistment hostilities ceased between the United States and Great Britain, and the regiment was mustered out.

"I want my substitute money, mother," said he, one morning after his return to the farm. "I am going to buy cattle and sell them in New York."

"Are you sure you will not lose money by it?" Mrs. Drew was as sagacious and cautious as the mother whom Commodore Vanderbilt delighted to honor all his life long.

"I am sure I shall make money."

He did make money from the start, but he had to work terribly hard for it. He was in the saddle day and night, purchasing cattle in Putnam and Dutchess counties and driving them to the city after nightfall. He was an excellent judge of cattle and a shrewd buyer. When his competitors began to multiply and to cut down his profits he enlarged his field of operations by making Ohio a base of supply. He needed capital and he had no securities to offer for loans. He went to Henry Astor, John Jacob Astor's brother, the Fulton Market butcher, who had recently retired from business. "I'll take the risk," said the capitalist, after the plan had been untolded. It seemed to be a foolhardy, crack-brained scheme. It took nearly sixty days to drive cattle from Ohio across

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

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CENTRE HALL, Pa., Oct, 16, 1879.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR STATE TREASURER,
DANIEL O. BARR, of Allegheny.

Democratic County Ticket.

Jury Commissioner.
JOHN SHANNON.

Coroner.
DR. JOSEPH ADAMS.

The next election in Pennsylvania will be held on Tuesday, the 4th of November.

The Centre county repubs last week nominated D. W. Kline for Jury Commissioner and James Thompson for Coroner. A resolution was passed declaring that Yocum was fairly elected—that may have been done to stiffen up Yocum's back-bone a little and keep him from voting one day with the democrats and next with the pubs. These same fellows no doubt would have the brass to pass a resolution that Hayes was fairly elected.

From the Bellefonte papers we see that Gen. Beaver has been making a bloody shirt speech. When conservative speeches were popular we used to hear him make speeches in favor of conciliation. We will wait and see to what extent he can raise the wind for governor by flopping in that way now.

Let every democratic voter bear in mind that Tuesday, November 4th, is election day. The day is important—go to the polls. The state can be carried if every democrat does his duty.

Senator Conkling had a great deal to say in his Brooklyn speech about Yazoo but not one word did he utter concerning Canonchet.

Surely Conkling should tell all about the shot gun policy.

Beecher appeared with Conkling at the recent republican meeting in Brooklyn and made a speech. Birds of a feather flock together,—both these chaps had nasty women scrapes and broke up families. The repubs may feel proud of such leaders, but the democrats would kick 'em out.

Lebanon county has another life-insurance murder case sensation. It seems that in radical Lebanon they have learned a new way of making money.

The community of Lebanon is considerably agitated over the sudden death and burial of a poor old man by the name of David Long, aged fifty-five years, who lived alone in a little shanty built for him through the charity of his neighbors. The sensation of the affair is this, that the old man's life was insured for the sum of about $20,000 in different companies, among the number being the United Brethren and Home Mutual of Lebanon—$6,000 in the former, and the amount in the latter could not be learned. These policies on the old man are held by parties who are in no way related to him, but who, being of a speculative turn, had him insured for their benefit and they paid all the premiums thereon. The companies refuse to pay.

The Lock Haven Journal is authority for saying that "there is a rumor flying around that Judge Orvis will resign next spring to accept the position of solicitor for a prominent railroad company." If this report be true, the district will lose an able Judge.

The Baltimore Democrats are loudly calling attention to the fact that no colored persons name appears upon either the state or city Republican ticket. They want to know why a representation of three-fourths of the party is thus disregarded. They claim, too, that very few colored men are to be seen at the Republican primary meetings, while colored clubs are organizing very numerously. The truth is "no colored man need apply" except to do the voting.

The Indianapolis *Sentinel*, in calling attention to the proposed visit of President Hayes to that place, urged everybody to come and see him, as it was the only opportunity ever offered the public to see a President who wasn't elected.

Illinois now owns the next she-devil. A special from Lebanon, St. Clair county, Illinois, says: Mrs. Alice Danbrough has been arrested here on a charge of murdering her husband, Thomas, and his brother, George Danbrough. George, who had some money saved, died sixteen months ago, and seven months afterwards Thomas died suddenly. Subsequently Mrs. Danbrough brought a charge of criminal assault against one George Liston, who in turn produced a letter to prove that the two men had been poisoned by Mrs. Danbrough.

It is also stated she was contemplating the murder of a Mrs. M'Cloud, so that she could marry the victim's husband. Mrs. Danbrough and her brother and George Liston are in jail.

When such venerable democrats as Alex. Kerr go all the way from beyond Centre Hill to Bellefonte to attend a democratic night meeting, it shows a spirit of democracy and patriotism that younger ones might pattern after. Alex. Kerr never misses elections, and we trust that on the 4th, of Nov. every democrat will be found at the polls as we know Mr. K. will be. Such democracy brings victory.

The widow Oliver still haunts Simon. On 12, says a dispatch from Washington, the case of the Widow Oliver against ex-Senator Simon Cameron, came up in court in the general term on a motion made by Col. Cook to dismiss the appeal for a failure to print the records. Mrs. Oliver's counsel resisted the granting of the motion, pleading poverty of the plaintiff and saying that the litigant should not be deprived of justice on account of her inability to prosecute the case. On an examination of the papers the affidavit setting forth her impecunious condition was not to be found and the case was continued until Monday next to allow the production of the depositions.

Wise, the aeronaut has not yet been heard from. Supposed he landed in lake Michigan.

The "Weekly Democrat" is the name of a new and bright looking paper, that reached us from Washington Square, Dauphin county, Pa., by J. A. Ettinger. We wish it success.

The Massachusetts democrats last week nominated John Quincy Adams for governor by acclamation.

The Lewisburg *Chronicle* still has the blues—better consult a doctor.

Henry C. Carey, noted writer on political economy, died at Philadelphia on Monday morning.

The action of Kidney-Wort on the Kidneys, Bowels and Liver, gives it wonderful power.

SENATOR WALLACE'S SPEECH.

The *Sun* says, Senator Wallace has appeared in the Pennsylvania campaign, at a great Democratic picnic in the Cumberland Valley, and his speech there is is one of the most sensible that we have seen for some time. Mr. Wallace is generally clever at a statement or a definition, and his presentation of the issue of principle between the two parties on this occasion was in his best style. He said the great question was home rule against centralization, strict construction or liberal, strong government by the people. He continued:

"Corporate power, and every interest that feels its need to take privileges from the people, unite in the demand for centralization and a strong government. We believe in governing from the bottom, not from the top. The individual is the unit in government. To him belong all rights save those which are vital to social order, and those belong to the Government for the safety of the whole. When they verge upon the rights of the people, they are to be jealously watched. Governments in township organizations, in county control, and in State affairs, having the direct application of the individual thought to the affairs of the localities, are infinitely better in guarding and protecting against corruption and wrong than a system which ramifies from one common head at Washington, and attempts to control local affairs in the extremities. The former corrects and purifies itself, the latter inevitably produces corruption and wrong, without a remedy. Federal election laws and troops at the polls are but another outgrowth of the centralizing tendencies of the Republican party. These are to be met solely by the argument that they trespass upon the rights of the individual, taking from him privileges that belong to him to place them unnecessarily and improperly in the hands of those who control the Federal Government."

Mr. Wallace reminds his audience that no people in the Union have so important a stake in the restoration of harmony and good government as the people of Pennsylvania. He refers to the uncertainty of foreign markets, not only for the products of our farms but also of our manufactories, and shows very clearly that the South ought to be again, as it was once, the most certain as well as the most profitable market for the varied industries of the North. He says:

"How are we to insure a market for what we produce in the future? Can we do it bo causing divisions among our own people, and by arraying one section of the country against another, by flaunting the 'bloody shirt' and crying down with the 'Confederate Brigadier?' Or shall we recognize the fact that the actual market for our manufactures is in the South, and aid to restore our own market by restoring unity, peace, and good government throughout the whole country? The only security for a continuance of the period of prosperity now about breaking upon our Pennsylvania industries is to be found in restoring the whole country to the condition of one prosperous and united people. We of Pennsylvania are more interested in this question than any other section of the republic, for we are the workshop of the republic. The true protection for Pennsylvania's industries is in the restoration of peace and good fellowship to all."

It is marvellous beyond comprehension that in the State which furnishes coal and iron, and all the multitude of manufactures which they unite to produce, a party could be marshalled to keep in uproar and confusion, in slavery and poverty, the population of eight or ten States, which are its natural customers. When the society of the South is settled and its agriculture revived, Pennsylvania furnishes it with implements, from a cotton planter and a plough to a steam engine and a press. When her railroads are to be rebuilt Pennsylvania sends her the iron. Her coal boats choke the upper waters of the Ohio before every freshet, and the number of them increases with every day of peace and uninterrupted industrial effort in the Southern States.

Pennsylvania, the great central commonwealth, "the workshop of the Union," as Senator Wallace calls it, has a larger interest in sectional tranquillity than any other community of equal numbers in the country. Its people will do well to study the logic of Senator Wallace's wise and pithy speech.

McManus, who was hanged at Sunbury on 9, was the twentieth of the Mollie Maguires who have paid the extreme penalty of their crimes. The only one of this murderous organization remaining under sentence of death, the young man O'Neil, who has been reprieved for a month, appears to have been only a subordinate actor, but the others were all more or less prominent participants in the most remarkable series of murders known in the recent history of this country, and without exception they have all, before their execution, acknowledged their guilt.

GRAND DEMOCRATIC RALLY.

The democratic meeting in the Court House on Tuesday evening was unusually large. Every seat was packed and all the passage ways were crammed with voters who could not obtain seats. The Zion, Pleasant Gap and Bellefonte bands were present. The meeting was called to order by Chairman Fortney, when on motion of Maj. Foster, Hon. C. T. Alexander was chosen President of the meeting. Mr. Alexander on taking the chair delivered a short and pointed address. On motion of J. L. Spangler the organization was completed as follows: Vice Presidents—L. G. Lingle, of Philipsburg; Alexander Kerr, of Potter, Gotlieb Hagg, of Spring, G. W. Williams, of Harris, Dr. J. R. Smith, of Ferguson, Wm. Yearick, of Howard, B. F. Shaffer, of Walker, Michael Grove, of College, E. H. Carr, of Milesburg, B. F. Hunter, of Benner, Wm. Carson, of Potter. Secretaries—Maj. R. H. Foster, Joseph W. Furey, Esq., Hon. F. Kurtz.

On motion of J. A. Woodward the chair was authorized to appoint a committee of three to wait upon Hon. W. A. Wallace, Hon. Geo. A. Jenks. and Gov. Curtin, and inform them of the organization of the meeting. The chair appointed J. A. Woodward, John Shannon and Geo. A. Rupp.

The committee soon after appeared with the distinguished gentlemen who were received with loud applause. Mr. Jenks was the first speaker, followed by Senator Wallace, and a short, telling speech by Gov. Curtin. The speeches were among the ablest and fairest ever delivered in the court house, and were often interrupted by applause. We have not time to make further report in this issue.

Chairman Fortney lent his best efforts to make the meeting a success and his labors had the desired effect.

OHIO ELECTION.

A dispatch at 11 on Tuesday night reported republican gains in the northern tier which is their stronghold.

Wm. Kidd of Jersey City, had a tooth extracted by Dr. Downs, two weeks ago, and bleeding from the cavity left in the jaw continued despite the efforts of several physicians, until Monday night, when he died from exhaustion caused by loss of blood.

Concreted Sunlight, The perfected Butter Color of Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., converts winter-strained milk into glorious, golden butter. Such butter always commands the highest price and is entirely free from the taint of any hurtful agency.

1,421 cases of yellow fever have been thus far reported.

In some parts of the oil district in Clarion county, the drouth has affected the springs so that drinking and cooking water must be carried a mile or more.

THE TWO PLATFORMS.

THE ISSUES LAID DOWN BY THE TWO HARRISBURG CONVENTIONS.

WHAT THEY SAY, WHAT THEY MEAN, AND RESULTS IF CARRIED OUT.

For the Reporter.

The two opposing parties—one of which must prevail at the next State election—have put themselves, *pro forma*, upon the country in the declarations of their platforms. By these declarations they agree by the people to be judged.

Such deliverances, confirmed by custom, go before every election. They profess to be pertinent to the immediate issues of the political campaign, to the general principles that are to govern both parties, and the differences that distinguish one party from the other.

The tenor of a political platform may depend not less upon its specific declarations than upon a subtile and instinctive spirit that pervades it—the seemingly insensible repetition of certain terms, for example, that shows the real undercurrent of the author's thought. An apothegm of Talleyrand, that language is made to conceal, not to express thought, can nowhere find a better illustration than in a political platform. Close examination may, however, bring to light the actual ideas of those who have devised it, however specious and deceptive it is meant to be, however glittering its generalities may appear.

The platform promulgated by the two State Conventions held at Harrisburg will be found to consist of about the same number of words, with no great difference in the number of their resolutions. The antagonism of one platform to the other is as sharply defined as it could possibly be made, and this appears mainly in the frequent changes rung in one of them upon a single word. It would seem to have been the intention of the authors of the platform in question, by frequent repetition, to accustom the tympanum of the popular ear to the vibrations of a high-sounding term that has in it the rankest political heresy ever sought to be imposed upon a free people in the modern world. The seemingly innocent, but nevertheless omnipresent, existence of this one word sweeps the whole platform away from the domestic concerns of the State, and is meant to give a direction to popular understanding as delusive and dangerous as was ever sought by unholy ambition out of the coinage of its own mind.

The word "Nation" with its attendant adjective "National"—invariably printed with an initial capital letter—occurs seventeen times in the platform put forth by the Republican Convention at Harrisburg in June last; and these terms run through ten of its fourteen "planks." To give it the benefit of contrast this pernicious use of the word in the same sense is nowhere to be found in the platform previously adopted by the Democrats—indeed it occurs but once therein and then only in a subsidiary sense.

This word, as used, is the pivotal idea of the Republican profession of faith; and its presence in almost every plank convicts the authors of it of deliberate duplicity and treachery; it remands all their utterances to the pillory of popular suspicion and distrust. It is no more nor less than the shibboleth of a reactionary movement that claims to consummate repeated violations of the Constitution and laws made in pursuance thereof, in an entire upheaval of the government itself.

To gain a clear insight into the purposes of the Republican leaders in such a platform, it is merely necessary to note that of its fourteen subdivisions, one and a half strictly pertain to matters wherein the State is essentially and exclusively concerned. To set this fact out in clearer light, it may be observed that of the twelve Democratic resolutions, with which the former must be compared, eleven have reference to the relations of the people to the State, and, reciprocally, of the State to the people. Such a contrast cannot be too tenaciously kept in mind. The propositions of the Republican leaders as we find them in this platform, are desperate expedients—grown out of a condition of things in the management of the affairs of the State and general government, that has brought plunder, waste and corruption in legislation and at the polls to the one; and all these things with the settled preliminaries of political anarchy to the other.

A brief examination by way of contrasting the terms and tenor of these two platforms will be sufficient to show which of them holds itself accountable to the people, their rights, their interests and the general welfare of the Commonwealth; and which has merged all the inalienable privileges of citizenship and the inadequated and indifeasible independence of the State, in a mockery of professed fealty to the National Government, which sham of all lawful authority, in its highest office, by a Republican conspiracy remains an abiding insult fo the popular will, and is made to reappear in this platform as the cherished object of the Republican conipirator's solicitude and love.

So far as any comparison touching the same or similar topics can be made, it may be fairly stated as follows: "The Democrats assert that the United States is a Federal Union. The Republican platform announces the political paradox already noted that the Federal Union is a "Nation."

The Republican platform declares that the establishment of a State sovereignty "overthrows National supremacy." The Democratic resolutions say that "the rights of the States and the liberties of the people" depend the one upon the other.

The Republicans declare that State sovereignty endangers "Federal unity!" The Democratic declarations condemn "the invasion of States for political purposes without regard to Constitutional restrictions."

The Republican resolutions say that "the supremacy of the National Government" depends upon "National laws which protect the ballot box." The Democrats that all such measures are "imperial methods of supervising elections and coercing the popular will;" that the presence of soldiers or Government officials at the polls "destroys all freedom of elections and upturns the very foundations of self-government."

The Republican leaders say that "the Democratic party has committed itself to break up the Government by refusing to appropriate moneys already collected from the people" to "protect the ballot." The Democrats that "the military ought in all things to be subordinate to the civil power," and that "when the people assemble to express their sovereign pleasure at the polls," troops "or hireling officials claiming power to arrest and imprison citizens without warrant or hearing" do by their presence "destroy all freedom of elections."

The Republican Convention lauded Hayes for vetoing Congressional measures which refuse to pay the deputy marshals whose function, it is said, is to "protect the ballot box." The Democrats say Hayes is a Fraud, the creature of an unlawful "conspiracy" against "the well known and legally expressed will of the people;" that the use of his veto "to maintain unconstitutional and despotic power" at the polls "is an insult and a menace to the country."

The Democrats appeal to their fidelity, to the "workingman;" the Republicans call upon "the veteran soldiers of the war."

The Democrats condemn "the system of subsidies by the General Government under which during the period of Republican ascendancy, political rings and corporations have profited at the people's expense. They condemn "any appropriation of public moneys or public credit to any other object than the public service."

The Republican Convention was silent on this subject.

The Republicans (declaring in the same breath the "United States a Nation!") threaten to oppose "a solid North" to "a solid South." The Democrats utter no distinction on this head, but declare "the just power of the Federal Union, the rights of the States, and the liberties of the people are vital parts of one harmonious system, and to save each part in its whole Constitutional vigor is to save the life of the Nation.

The Democrats condemn "the recent attempt under the personal direction of ruling Republican leaders to debauch the Legislature by bribery and corruption, and to take from the Commonwealth four millions of dollars, for which its liability has never been ascertained." They declare such an attempt to be "a fresh and alarming evidence of the aggressiveness of corporate power in collusion with political rings."

About this business the Republican platform is silent. [The platform is silent; the Convention was not. It howled down delegate Wolfe, gagged and silenced him when he offered a resolution similar to the one quoted above and pointedly refused to declare in favor "of honest men in office."]

The Democrats declare that—

"We look with alarm and apprehension upon the pretensions of the great transportation companies to be above the fundamental law of this Commonwealth which governs all else within our borders, and until they accept the Constitution of 1873 in good faith, they should remain objects of the utmost vigilance and jealousy by both Legislature and people."

The railroad article in the Constition which the Democrats demand shall be accepted by the corporations and enforced by the Legislature, prohibits discriminations against the business of Pennsylvania, which is systematically crushing out our domestic industaies, and giving the West immense advantages over the farmer and the manufacturer, the producer and consumer, of this Commonwealth.

The Republicans ignore and avoid this issue. They transfer the question of "discrimination in rates of freight" from the State, where they have the power to remedy the evil, to the country," where they have no power, and content themselves with a vague declaration of a sentiment, instead of the promise of a practical measure.

The Constitution needs only to be enforced to cure all the evils of which our depressed industries complain, and this the Democrats insist unequivocally shall be done. This is an important and pertinent plank in their platform; in it resides another proof of the honesty of the declarations they have brought before the people in this campaign.

The Republicans said that the Treasury has been honestly administered by Republican officials for seventeen years. The Democrats declare the Treasury to be empty; that "even school and charities are unable to obtain money already appropriated for their support;" and "that there has been systematic embezzlement of interest and other spoliations by the Republican Treasury Ring."

The Democrats conclude by expressing confidence in their candidate for the Treasurer's office and pledge him, "if elected, to keep the public moneys safely, make known his places of deposit hold his books and papers open to inspection; and preserve the Commonwealth from a repetition of the robberies incident to the long and scandalous career of the Republican Treasury Ring."

"Look now on this picture; then on that!"

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine, for November. This is another exceedingly brilliant number of one of the most popular periodicals of the day. The title might possibly convey the impression that it is of a sombre character; on the contrary—there is nothing brighter in literature. The leading paper, "The Religion of Shakespeare," by Rev. John Bayley, is a brilliant article, profusely illustrated, and making the reader familiar with the fact that but for the Bible and Shakespeare's faith in religion, he never would have been what he is now acknowledged to be. Rev. Dr. Rankin, an authority in lyric, gives his opinion of Luther as a lyric writer. A very pleasing paper is Rev. Dr. Palmer's "Recollections of my Pets." Mrs. Richmond has an admirable sketch of Catharine Von Bora, Luther's wife. Mr. Hudson's "Pompeii and Vesuvius" is a deeply interesting, finely illustrated article. In the department of fiction the serial, "A Thorny Path," is continued, and among the notable stories are "Horse-Chestnut Blooms," "A True Heart," "Out of the Depths," "Katy Avenal," etc., etc. The poems are of unusual merit, particularly Miss Hatton's "Out of the Depths of God's Twilight," "After," by Miss Matthews, and "The Maiden's Yacht," by Mrs. Kidder, and Mrs. Skinner's "Can it Be?" There is an excellent sermon by the editor. "Night and Morning," the "Popular Exegesis," "At Home and Abroad," "Editor's Portfolio," etc., but it is impossible to enumerate a tithe of the good things with which the number abounds. The beautiful "Litany Hymn" (with music) with which the number closes composed by the late Charles Edward Horsley, is now published for the first time. Each number contains 128 pages, quarto, and presents to every purchaser the annual subscription is $1; single copies 25 cents; sen postpaid. Address, Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place New York.

TRIBUTE.

Centre Hall Lodge, No. 895, I. O. of O. F., October 10, 1879.

Whereas it has pleased the Almighty in the wisdom of his divine providence to call from our midst our faithful Brother P. G., S. S. Farner, we feel it our duty to prepare proper testimonials of respect to be placed on our record,

Resolved, That in the death of Brother P. G., S. S. Farner, the lodge mourns the loss of one of its useful members, one ever vigilant in the performance of duty to this lodge.

Resolved, That while we sympathize most deeply in the affliction of his bereaved family; the reflection is a source of consolation to them as well as to us, that Brother Farner's Christian character was such as to afford ample assurance that all is well with him, that he only laid aside the mortal trials of this life to assume the immortality of the life beyond.

Resolved, That as a further testimonial of respect, our hall be draped in mourning for 90 days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and be published in the county papers.

D. R. M'Clintic,
Committee { D. B. Brisbin,
J. T. Lee.

Prevention is better than cure, and Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills are the best preventive of disease known. They are used, approved and recommended by myriads of people throughout the land.

Mason county, Ill., farmers get only twenty cents per bushels for new corn.

STARVATION.

People Dying by the Hundreds in the Far North.

San Francisco, October 9.—The schooner Pauline Collins has arrived from the Arctic Ocean. Her captain, Tucker Sands, reports a frightful story from St. Lawrence Island, in Behring Sea. Almost the entire population of the south-eastern end of the island have perished from starvation. A party landed from the Collins and were horrified to find two hundred and fifty corpses in one field. The living had carried the dead away from the huts until at length, overcome themselves, they in turn died in the huts and so remained. One little girl the Captain speaks of seeing stiff in death, with her head resting on her hand, while her body leaned over the remains of a whale.

Captain Sands attributes their starvation to rum. Nearly every trader goes to the Arctic loaded with it, and so long as the liquor lasts the natives will not go fishing. Then it is too late and starvation follows. On the northwest end of the island about two hundred natives are still alive. He says that the revenue steam cutters are of no use to stop this traffic. The traders see the smoke and get out of the way.

M'MANUS HANGED.

Confession Implicating Canning and Rhoads.

Sunbury, October 9.—Peter McManus, the Mollie Maguire, was hanged to-day for the murder of Coroner Hesser, in 1874. John O'Neill, sentenced to be hanged at the same time, was reprieved last night, but the news was not communicated to him until this morning. About 400 people assembled in the jail yard, and an immense crowd on the street and on the house tops. Several ladies who were at the execution broke out in sobs which seemed to unnerve M'Manus, but only for a moment.

M'Manus mounted the steps of the scaffold with a firm step, and faced the crowd apparently without emotion. His attorney then said to him: "Mr. McManus, we want you to say now, as your dying declaration, whether the statement you made to us is true or not, the statement you made and signed in the presence of Father Koch and others?"

McManus replied that it was correct, and, in answer to another question, said he had nothing further to say. The drop fell at 11:54. There was scarcely a convulsion, and in 12½ minutes his pulse was not perceptible. In about a minute longer his heart ceased to beat.

Yesterday morning McManus made a statement in the presence of Father Koch, District Attorney Dewart, Rev. Gotwald, Attorney Greenough and a stenographer. Rumor has it that it implicates Canning and Rhoads, two of the principal witnesses for the Commonwealth at the trial of McManus; that it says Canning and others were present at the murder, and that Rhoads struck the fatal blow with a hammer. Rhoads is a man of bad reputation. He was tried some years ago for the murder of Mrs. Chamberlain, but was acquitted on a trial. Canning denies the statement of McManus. The latter has told the priest he could forgive Canning for his untimely death, but "could not forgive him personally."

The Sheriff issued nearly six hundred tickets of admission. Yesterday morning Dennis F. Canning and several of the Coal and Iron police arrived from Shamokin. McManus, hearing that Canning was here, sent for him, and they had a long interview in the cell in the presence of Father Koch and Rev. Getwald of Milton. During the interview McManus evinced considerable emotion at times, and at other periods he showed anger. Their conversation carried them over the evidence of the trial, and nothing of special importance was obtained beyond that

PAYNE'S COMMAND SAFE.

He Encounters a Band of Utes on his Route and Gives Them a Severe Drubbing.

Rawlins, October 8.—The mail carrier from Snake river is just in. He reports that Merritt reached Payne's command on Monday afternoon, after a severe fight, killing 37 Indians. He found them (Payne's command) all right. The colored cavalry company joined Payne last Friday night, losing all their horses but two in doing so. The mail carrier knows nothing about the condition of the officers and men. The companies of the Fourteenth regiment were at least 24 hours behind Merritt's command.

THE TERRIBLE MASSACRE AT THE WHITE RIVER AGENCY.

Bloody Work of the Hostile Utes.

Rawlins, Oct. 13.—Emil Webber and George Fehr, two couriers, have just arrived from what was a few days ago White River agency. From them I learn the following particulars: Gen. Merritt advanced upon the agency on the 11th inst. On his way he found many dead bodies—among others the body of Carl Goldstein, an Israelite who left here with government supplies for the Utes at White River agency. He was found in a gulch six miles this side of the agency. He was shot twice through the shoulder and was about two miles from his wagons. A teamster named Julius Moore, formerly from Bainbridge, Mass., who was with him when he left here, was found about a hundred yards from Goldstein, with two bullet holes in his breast and his body hacked and mutilated with a knife or hatchet. As the command advanced through the cannon they came to an old coal mine and in it was found the dead body of an agency employee named Dresser. He had evidently been wounded and crawled in the mine to die. His coat was folded up and placed under his head for a pillow. Beside him lay a Winchester rifle containing eight cartridges.

On entering the agency a scene of quiet desolation presented itself. All the buildings except one were burned to the ground and not a living thing was in sight except the command. The Indians has taken everything except the flour and decamped. The women and children were missing and nothing whatever could be found to indicate what had become of them. They have either been murdered and buried or else taken away as hostages. Their dreadful and unmentionable fate calls forth most profound sympathy. The dead body of Father Meeker was found about 100 yards from his house, lying on his back, shot through the head. The left side of his head had been smashed in with some blunt instrument, a piece of a barrel stave driven into his mouth and one of his hands arms badly bruised. The dead body of W. H. Post, Father Meeker's assistant, was found between the building and the river, a bullet hole through his left ear. He as well as Father Meeker was stripped entirely naked. Another employee named Eaton was found dead. He was stripped naked and had a bundle of paper bags in his arms. His face was badly eaten by wolves. There was a bullet hole in his left breast. Frank Dresser, brother of the man found in the coal mine was found badly burned. He had without doubt, been killed instantly as the bullet had passed through his heart. The bodies of Eaton, Thompson, Price Eskridge and all other employees not before named were also found. Eskridge was found two miles from the site of the agency naked and with a bullet hole through his head.

THE YELLOW FEVER.

Memphis, Oct. 13.—Twelve cases in all were reported to-day and three more deaths have occurred,

Sunbury, Pa., October 7.—At Nanticoke Pa., John Malady, the captain of a canal boat, was beaten to death at midnight last night on the Nanticoke trestle bridge, and his dead body was thrown over amongst some timbers. Two men, one of them named Eckert, were arrested this morning as the murderers. The murdered man's body was found at three o'clock this morning and brought to Nanticoke where the inquest will be held. Mr. Malady leaves two children.

A new Method in Medicine. By this new method every sick person can get a package of the dry vegetable compound, Kidney-Wort, and prepare for themselves six quarts of medicine. It is a specific cure for Kidney Diseases, Liver Complaint Constipation and Piles, and a grand tonic for Females.

In Maryland a few days ago, an 8 year old colored girl cut the throat of her infant brother because she was tired nursing him, Atrocious.

Opium is the most dangerous drug, especially when given to children in the shape of a soothing remedy. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is warranted not to contain opium in any form and is the most innocent and efficacious remedy for children teething. Price 25 cents a bottle.

The coal shipments over the Tyrone and Clearfield railroad, last week, reached over 42,000 tons, which is about the heaviest carriage known in the history of that road.

Camphor Milk cures headache and neuralgia.
Camphor Milk cures rheumatism and lame back.
Camphor Milk cures cuts, bruises and burns.
Camphor Milk costs 25 ct.; 5 bottles $1.
Sold by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH.

I, JOHN SPANGLER, High Sheriff of the County of Centre, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the County aforesaid, that an election will be held in the said County of Centre

On Tuesday November 4, 1879,

It being the Tuesday following the first Monday of November, (the polls to be opened at seven o'clock A. M., and closed at seven o'clock P. M.), at which time the freeman of Centre County will vote by ballot for the following officers, namely:

One person for the office of State Treasurer of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania;

One person for the office of Jury Commissioner;

One person for the office of Coroner.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the places of holding the aforesaid election in the several Boroughs and Townships within the County of Centre are as follows, to wit:

For the Township of Haines, at the public house of I. D. Boyer (Aaronsburg).

For the Township of Half Moon, at the school house in Stormstown.

For the township of Taylor, at the house erected for that purpose, on the property of Leonard Merryman.

For the township of Miles, in the school house in the town of Rebersburg.

For the township of Potter (Northern precinct), at the public house of D. J. Moyer, in Centre Hall.

For the township of Potter (Southern precinct), at the public house of D. H. Ruhl, at Potter's Mills.

For the Township of Gregg, at the public house owned by J. B. Fisher, Penn Hall.

For the Township of College, in the school house at Lemont.

For the Township of Ferguson (old precinct), in the school house at Pine Grove.

For the Township of Ferguson (new precinct), at the school house at Baileyville.

For the Township of Harris, in the school house at Boalsburg.

For the township of Patton, at the house of Peter Murray.

For the Borough of Bellefonte, and the townships of Spring and Benner, at the Court house in Bellefonte.

For the Township of Walker, in the school house a Hublersburg.

For the Borough and Township of Howard, at the school house of said Borough.

For the Township of Rush, at the Cold Stream school house.

For the township of Snow Shoe, at the school house at Snow Shoe station.

For the township of Marion, at the house of Joel Kling, in Jacksonville.

For the Borough of Milesburg, at the school house in Milesburg.

For the Township of Boggs, at the new school house in Central City.

For the Township of Huston, at the Silver Dale school house.

For the Township of Penn, at the public house of William S. Musser.

For the Berough of Millheim, at the school house opposite the Evangelical church in said Borough.

For the township of Liberty, at the school house at Eagleville.

For the township of Worth, at the school house at Port Matilda.

For the townsip of Burnside, at the house of J. K. Boak.

For the township of Curtin, at the school house near Robert Mann's.

For the Borough of Unionville and the Township of Union, at the new school house in Unionville.

For the Borough of Philipsburg, in new school house in said Borough.

NOTICE is also hereby given, "That every person excepting the justices of the peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of any profit or trust under the Government of the United States, or of this State, or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, subordinate officer or agent who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive, or Judiciary Department of this State, or of the United States, or of any city or incorporated district; and also that every member of Congress or State Legislature, and of the select or common Council of any city, or commissioners of any incorporated district, is by law incapable of holding or exercising, at the same time, the office or appointment for Judge, Inspector or clerk of any election of this Commonwealth; and that no Inspector, Judge or other officer of any such election, shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for."

Given under my hand and seal, at my office in Bellefonte, this 20th day of September, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-Nine, and in the One Hundred and Third year of the Independence of the United States.

JOHN SPANGLER,
Sheriff of Centre County.
Oct. 2.

Dyspepsia! Dyspepsia! Dyspepsia!

E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, a sure cure for this disease. It has been prescribed daily for many years in the practice of eminent physicians with unparalleled success. Symptoms are loss of appetite, wind and rising of food, dryness in mouth, headache, dizziness, sleeplessness and low spirits. Get the genuine. Not sold in bulk only $1.00 bottles, or six bottles for $5.00. Ask your druggist for E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, and if he has it not, send to proprietor, E. F. Kunkel, 259 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Advice free; send three-cent stamp.

WORMS. WORMS. WORMS.

E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to destroy Pin, Seat, and Stomach Worms. Dr. Kunkel, the only successful physician who removes Tape Worm in two hours, alive with head, and no fee until removed. Common sense teaches Tape Worms be removed all other worms readily destroyed. Advice at office and store, free. The doctor can tell whether or not the patient has worms. Thousands are dying daily, with worms, and do not know it. Fits, spasms, cramps, choking and suffocation, sallow complexion, circles around the eyes, swelling and pain in the stomach, restless at night, grinding of the teeth, picking at the nose, cough, fever, itching at the seat, headache, foul breath, the patient grows pale and thin, tickling and irritation in the anus,—all these symptoms, and more, come from worms. E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to remove them. Price, $1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.00. (For Tape Worm, write and consult the Doctor.) For all others, buy of your druggist the Worm Syrup and if he has it not, send to Dr. E. F. Kunkel, 259 N. Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Advice by mail, free; send three-cent stamp.

17jul4t JOSEPH CEDARS.

Do You Feel Bad?

Languid, Depressed in Spirit, Chilly, have you Headache, Pain in the Shoulders or back, Dizziness, Coated Tongue, Fever and Ague, and out of sorts generally? Nature is failing! Your Liver is failing to do its work, and the secretions of the system are being thrown back into the blood, dangerous results will follow unless you act promptly. Take Sellers' Liver Pills at once. These Pills are a standard remedy—have been long in use and are highly recommended.—Says Dr. Oakley, of Detroit, Mich.: "Sellers' Liver Pills are admirably calculated for bilious climates." Andrew Sarver, of Joliet, Ills., says: A friend recommended the use of your Liver Pills, and after use two boxes of them I was entirely cured of a severe attack of liver complaint." For sale by all druggists. Price 25 cents.
E. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop'rs, Pittsburg Pa.

A Search Warrant

allows an officer to go through your house from cellar to garret, and Lindsey's Blood Searcher is warranted to go through your system from top to toe and drive out all blood diseases. Its cures are wonderful and certified to by doctors, preachers and people. Scrofula, Mercurial Diseases, Erysipelas, Tetter, Ulcers in the Lungs or on the Skin, Boils, Pimples, &c., we warrant it to cure. It is purely Vegetable Compound and powerful Tonic. For sale by all Druggists. See that our name is on the bottom of the wrapper.
Aug. 7.
R. E. Sellers & Co., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa.
For sale by D. J. Murray, Centre Hall. 1my ar

If it is not convenient for you to call in person, send for SAMPLES of whatever you may need in DRY GOODS, to the DISTRIBUTING CENTRE, at Eighth and Market Streets, Philadelphia.

THE LARGEST RETAIL STOCK OF DRY GOODS in the State of Pennsylvania is there shown and distributed among consumers at the smallest possible advance on manufacturers' prices.

Consumers of all descriptions of Dry Goods:—SILKS, DRESS GOODS, BLACK GOODS, HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR, LINEN GOODS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS, MUSLINS, LADIES' SUITS, SHAWLS, CLOAKS, ETC., ETC., should not fail to avail of the advantages assured to all who deal with

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

EIGHTH AND MARKET STREETS,
PHILADELPHIA.

For the coming
Fall and Winter
TRADE
WE ARE FULLY PREPARED.

Now is the Time!

Select Your Goods
FROM
FRESH,
NEW STOCK.

GENTS' FRENCH CALF BOOTS AND GAITERS
MADE TO ORDER

A LARGE STOCK OF
Sole Leather, Calf-Skins, Kips,
ETC., ETC.,
At Bottom Prices.
E. GRAHAM & SON.
Dec'5 Bellefonte, Pa.

Guaranteed Investments.

By our Insurance System of Investments in Stock Operations we insure indemnity from loss. No "Marginal" or "Privilege plans. Investments received in sums of $25.00 and upward. Correspondence from stock operators solicited. Address,
DAMIS MAYNARD & CO., 58 Broadway, N. Y.
Oct. 2 6t.

GEO. BELL,

Tailor and Renovator, has located at Centre Hall, where he will be happy to meet the wants of all desiring clothes made in the Latest style and most Approved Fashion. Fits guaranteed. He will also clean and restore faded clothes and make them look good as new. Has a choice lot of samples. Cutting promptly attended to. Prices low. Room No. 1 over the Bank.

GRANT'S TOUR
AROUND THE WORLD.

A complete record of the journey of Gen. U. S. GRANT, through England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Spain Germany, Austria, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, Russia, Egypt, India, China and Japan, and a full account of his arrival and reception at San Francisco, with a graphic description of the places visited, manners and customs of the countries, interesting incidents, enthusiastic orations by Emperors, Kings, and the people of all climes, richly embellished with several hundred artistic illustrations; also a fine handsome steel engraved portrait of Gen. Grant. Sure success to all who take hold; will positively outsell all books. Lose no time.
AGENTS WANTED to sell this, the cheapest, the best, and the only authentic low-priced book on the subject. 900 pages. Price $3.25. The sale of this book is immense. Address,
H. W. KELLEY & CO.
2oct4t 711 Sansom Street, Phila., Pa.

JERRY MILLER

BARBER AND HAIRDRESSE—in the basement of the bank

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa, Th'rsd, Oct. 16, '79.

TERMS.—$2 *per year, when paid in advance; $2.50 when not paid in advance. Advertisements 20cts per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.*

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 cts, amount of one year's postage, instead of 20cts as formerly when paid by themselves.

Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the lable reads "John Roo 1 Jan '79" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January, 1878, and that it is time he was paying the printer.

LOCAL ITEMS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 686, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
G. L. GOODMAN, Sec'y. W. R. FROM, N. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 537, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Masonic Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sect. J. J. ARNEY, W. M.

PROGRESS CHANGE, No. 96, P of H, meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 1 P. M. and every two weeks after, Jas. A. Keller Master. LEONARD KRONE, Sect.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.—Having sold my good will and part of my stock of ready made clothing to a firm in Philadelphia, to which I have to give possession of my store room by Jan. 1, 1880, I now offer my stock of ready made clothing at acthal cost and freight. This is an excellent chance for a good bargain.

Respectfully,

16oct2m J. NEWMAN, JR.

——Prof. D. M. Wolf's select school, at Spring Mills, will open on 20 of this month. Parties wishing to engage boarding can address the Professor, or I. J. Grenoble. It

——Of the Union county fair, says the Mifflinburg Telegraph, the gross receipts are about $1200, while the expenses will be about $900, leaving a balance of $300 for future improvements, &c.

——Order a buggy from Jno. T. Lee's Centre Hall coach shops, and you will get what will please as well as last. Orders by mail given prompt attention.

——Meuntain fires were reported in the neighborhood of Madisonburg, last week.

——Rev. W. H. Stover began a protratracted meeting at Yearick's church on 13th.

——Maj. Wm. F. Reynolds has made a gift to the boro' of Bellefonte, of the big spring, from which that town gets its water supply.

——Apples are in great abundance in some parts of this valley, and in others scarce.

——The genial, wholesouled proprietor of the Eagle Clothing Hall, J. Newman, Jr., favored our sanctum with a visit, the other day.

——Prof. Fortney and family, of Selinsgrove, have been visiting friends in this valley.

——Apples are selling at 25 cents here, and cider at $2.00.

——Another interesting chapter from our correspondent "G," in this issue, upon "Indian Murders in Pennsvalley."

——Get your suit for the winter of Newman before he goes out of the store, he will sell at about cost and carriage. A splendid assortment on hand.

——The REPORTER office is indebted to Miss Flora Neff for ad elegant boquet, which new graces our table and inspires our pen. Handsome is who handsome does.

——Centre Co. Supervisors will take notice of this item from the Lewistown Gazette: "Centre county is noted for toll gates and want of finger boards. When you inquire the way there on by-roads they give directions by pine woods, old houses, a solitary tree, or by crossing bridges."

——All fine groceries, canned goods, pickels, sauces, oils, oranges, lemons, cranberries, &c., at Sechler's, and strictly pure spices. They handle no impure or adulterated goods of any kind. We freely and cheerfully testify to this as a fact and from our own experience.

——Stewart Walker, sent to the Penitentiary from Centre Co. Court for stealing Senator Peale's mare, was refused a pardon at the recent meeting of the Board of Pardons.

——Mr. Jerome Moyer, of Miles, a short time ago was so unfortunate as to have the middle finger on one of his hands lacerated by being caught in a cider mill; the wound after a few days became so serious that the finger had to be amputated.

——Last week Mr. Henry Stover, of Haines twp., fell from an apple tree and sprained his spine. Glad to say, though, the injuries received are not dangerous. He was confined to his bed for four or five days, but is now again up and about.

——Mr. Thos. Hull, of Aaronsburg, has a house in the precess of building. The frame work is up already, and the outside is fast approaching completion.

——Once again the attention of farmers and all housekeepers is called to the fact that for cash or in exchange for all kinds of country produce you can buy all kinds of groceries of Sechler & Co., who are receiving fresh, and pure goods every day. Their stock is admitted to be the most complete and best selected in the county, consisting in part of light and heavy groceries, wood and willow ware, oranges, lemons, nuts, raisins, canned and dried fruits of every kind and variety. Also hams, sides, shoulders, breakfast bacon and the choicest dried beef. Having dealt with this firm for many years we attest to their perfect honesty and fair dealing and keeping none but reliable goods. Give them a call at least.

——The funeral of Mr. Sam'l Farner, last week, was very largely attended. There were 30 members of the Bellefonte Masonic lodge in attendance, besides the the membership of the lodge in this town He also belonged to the order of Odd Fellows, many of whom were in attendance upon the funeral. At Sprucetown the burial took place under the Masonic rites, and the services conducted by Rev. Hewitt, of Bellefonte. In the M. E. church at Centre Hall services were conducted by Rev. Whitney,

——Col. Jas. P. Coburn's residence at Aaronsburg has been considerably beautified by that gentleman d—ing the summer. That part adjoining his dwelling, familiarly known as the "old store house," has been torn away in part, part gutted, repartitioned, or changed generally, in order to make it a suitable addition to his dwelling. The whole he had repainted in light, cheerful shades. In front he enlarged his yard, by extending his fence, a handsome iron one, a suitable distance beyond the limits of the old one. Thus improved, Mr Coburn's home is perhaps the most desirable in the "lower end."

——All work warranted as represented at Lee's coach shops, Centre Hall. Best workmen and best material and low prices.

——CAMPHOR MILK—Dr. Oberholtzer's Liniment has been tested by thousands, and has proved to be of the highest value to the community. It has effected many cures in Rheumatism, Sores, Swellings, Sprains and Frosted Feet, and many persons recommend it for Cuts, Galls and Swellings in horses. It costs 25 cents. Sold by J. D. Murray. 9oct 4t

——Go to your store or druggist and get a bottle of Frank P. Green's compound syrup of tar, honey and bloodroot, the best remedy out for a cough, cold, croup, asthma, or early stage of consumption.

Phœnix Pectoral will cure your cough. Phœnix Pectoral cures hoarseness quickly. Phœnix Pectoral tastes good and brings rest.

Phœnix Pectoral costs 25 cts; 6 bottles $1. Sold by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall.

——500 bushels Apples wanted at Grenoble's store in trade.

—Subscribe for the Reporter and don't lways depend upon your neighbor's.

——The left arm of Mr. Jacob Dinges, to which we alluded in our last issue, was amputated on last Monday afternoon by Dr. Neff, assisted by Dr's Musser, Van Valzah and Jacobs. Immediately preceding the operation the physicians examined the limb by introducing a narrow-bladed instrument to the depth of nearly three inches, and were satisfied that amputation was needed. By probing they ascertained that the disease originated at the bone, and circular amputation of the arm, a few inches above the elbow was at once proceeded with. Mr. Dinges' sufferings had been so excruciating that he was anxious the limb should be taken off, and faced the trying ordeal with remarkable coolness and nerve. The patient being put under the influence of chloric ether the operation was gone through with most skillfully and in a remarkably short time with very little loss of blood, the patient seeming almost to be in a quiet slumber during the surgical operation, and on regaining consciousness felt less suffering than he had before the limb was taken off, we are pleased to say this has been his condition since, and we trust it may continue and follow with speedy restoration.

Some 5 or 6 weeks ago Mr. Dinges in company with Dr. Neff visited Philadelphia to consult the medical professers there, who pronounced his case one of bone tumor, and advised amputation if the patient's life was to be saved. The physicians, on Monday, after examining the amputated arm, however, found the case to be caries of the bone. The arm below the elbow had swollen to enormous proportions, and the fleshy parts were found to have grown to a spongy, brain like mass. Through the kindness of the physicians we were permitted to witness the entire operation.

—Mrs. Crawford, of Venango county (a sister of ex-U. S. Senator Kelly of Oregon) with her daughter and granddaughter is now visiting at Jas. C. Boal's and other friends in this neighborhood. The Kelly's are natives of this valley and formerly resided in Georges Valley; the premises now occupied by Jacob M'Cool, in Georges valley, was their home, when they lived in here. They left the valley some 40 years ago, and we believe this is Mrs. Crawford's first visit since she removed with her parents. Many of the old residents of our valley will recollect the Kelly family. In a former issue of the REPORTER we printed a letter of senator Kelly to HON. S. Gilliland in which he mentioned incidents of his early life in this county.

——Last Monday evening a goodly number of persons—married and unmarried—cleverly entered the domicile of Mr. J. D. Murray, of our town, and informed the astonished occupants that they had come to celebrate the silver wedding of Mr. Murray to Miss Mary A. Hofler, which happy event took place just 25 years ago, and to congratulate them upon a quarter of a century of matrimonial bliss, and extend to them their best wishes for a long continuance of the same. Astonished, though pleased, at this evidence of good will from friends and neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Murray and daughters made the best of the situation and surrendered the home to the sudden callers for the time being, and a most enjoyable time was had; mirth and cheerfulness prevailed, of course interspersed with delicious cake, fruits, &c., which the getters-up of the surprise party did not forget were indispensable to the pleasures of the occasion, and some excellent music by a quartette club. We imagined we could see Cupid peep from the corners and smile at the success of his game, and that his arrows had hit hearts 25 years ago where there was a heavenly affinity. If the little god of love could always make his matches so well how many more happy homes there would be, and how golden it would prove in celebrating the silver wedding.

The company, especially those yet in singleness, lingered until the "wee small hours," engaging in mirthful plays, with an eye to matrimony, while old stagers looked on with delight seeming to wish they were "in the ring" too yet. The occasion will linger in pleasant remembrance by all present.

——The many friends of Rev J. H. Shoemaker, of the Aaronsburg Reformed Charge, will learn with sorrow that he intends leaving. His new field of labor is a mission in and about Emporia, Kansas. He leaves the latter part of this or beginning of next month, taking his family with him. His farewell sermons will be preached on next Sundsay, Oct. 19th, at the following places of worship: St. Paul's, 8.30 a. m.; Aaronsburg, 11 a. m.; Moyer's church, 4 p. m. The Sunday following Mission Services will be held at the same places, in reverse order, however, in regard to time, viz: Moyer's church, 8.30 a. m.; Aaronsburg, 11 a. m.; St. Paul's, 4 p. m. At the latter services the Rev. Theo. Appel, D. D., President of the Board of Missions of the Ref. Ch., will be present. The Saturday night previous, Oct. 25, the venerable Dr. will deliver his celebrated lecture—"The Moon"—in the Aaronsburg Reformed Church.

——The Loop church will be re-dedicated to the service of God, on the 26th, Revs. Groh, Tomlinson, Koser, Miller and others, will be present, and take part in the exercises. There will be preaching Saturday previous at 2 p. m., by Rev. Koser, and the dedicatory services will be held on Sabbath morning beginning at 9 o'clock. All neighboring ministers and the public generally, are cordially invited to be present. Preaching Sabbath afternoon also, at 3 o'clock.

Pastors { S. W. ROEDER, W. E. FISCHER.

——Beef and pork wanted at this office on subscription.

——Chestnuts very plenty—do. acorns.

PENN HALL ACADEMY.—The directors of the Penn Hall Academy have unanimously elected Wm. P. Hosterman A. B. principal of said institution for the winter term. He is a graduate of Franklin and Marshal College and comes highly recommended by the faculty of that well known institution. The Academy will be opened on the 27th of October 1879. 2t

——SCHOOL TAX NOTICE.—The taxpayers of Potter township are hereby notified that the school duplicate is in the hands of the undersigned. On all tax paid into his hands before 1st of December there will be a deduction of 5 per cent., from Dec. 1 to Jan. 1, 1880, there will be no deduction, and after Jan. 1, there will be 5 per cent. added to all unpaid schooltax, in accordance with the act of Assembly. JOSEPH CROTZER,

16oct 2m Treasurer.

—Persons wishing a good article of Brandy, Whiskey, Gin or Wine for medicinal purposes, can be accommodated at the Centre Hall Drug Store. All of the very best flavoring extracts for family use, such as Lemon, Vanilla, Sarsaparilla, Pine Apple, Rose, Bitter Aimond, &c', are kept in stock and offered for sale. Persons wishing anything usually kept in a well regulated Drug store, will please call on me, and you will find my stock full and complete. Night and Sunday customers are always waited upon with pleasure. 16oct3m J. D. MURRAY.

A SIMPLE CURE FOR DIPTHERIA.—Diptheria is as much of a terror to the household as scarlet fever, and anything that will tend to mitigate its ravages or cure the malady itself, will be hailed with satisfaction. Mr. J. F. Krause, of this city, had a four year-old daughter that was desperately ill of diptheria—so ill, indeed, that the physicians said she could not live half an hour. He determined to try a remedy of his own, and took about half a teacupful of crude petroleum, into which he put three cents worth of gum camphor, heating the petroleum until the camphor was dissolved. With this mixture he swabbed her throat inside and bathed it on the outside. Inside of two hours the child was relieved. This was in the evening, and the next morning the child was able to sit at the table and eat her breakfast. The remedy is simple enough, easily procured and is worth further trial.—*Altoona Tribune.*

INDIAN MURDERS IN PENNS. VALLEY.

MR. KURTZ—The following extract is from an obituary notice of Robt. Moore, written by Wm. W. Potter, Esq., and published in the *Centre Democrat*, May 7, 1831. Mr. Moore lived near Boalsburg, and died in the spring of 1831. He was employed by Judge Brown as a packer, and there acquired a perfect knowledge of the manners and customs of the natives.

G.

EXTRACT.

"After the Declaration of Independence, Indians, instigated by British influence, became troublesome on the frontier. At that period Pennsvalley constituted one of the chief frontiers of white population. The savage enemy, in the fall of 1777, laid their plans to make an invasion upon this section of country, to butcher the inhabitants and destroy their dwellings. Through divine Providence, Mr. Moore became the instrument of saving the lives of the only settlers of that valley; one family alone fell victims to the tomahawk and scalping knife, previous to the discovery of the invasion by him. On his return from the Great Island, by the old Indian path, to Brown's Fort, near Brown's Mills, Mifflin county, he stopped at the cabin of Abraham Standforde, a German, who lived on the farm now owned by Peter Ruble, in Potter township; on entering the cabin he discovered none of the family were in the house; returning to the door and going around to the end of the cabin, towards the spring, the appalling sight of the mangled body of Mrs. Standforde, was presented, with the blood yet oozing from the wounds; at a few reds distance lay the bodies of two children, victims to Indian ferocity. Life had scarcely become extinct in the old lady when her body was discovered by Mr. Moore. This sight, calculated to unnerve the boldest heart, strike terror into the mind of the bravest man, did not deprive this intrepid woodsman of his presence of mind; instead of consulting his own safety by immediate flight, he thought alone of saving the defenceless inhabitants from the threatened danger. Surrounded as he was, by imminent peril, with the just apprehension that every bush concealed the savage enemy, and ignorant of the moment when the deadly rifle with fatal aim, might be directed at his life, he hastened down the valley and gave notice to the scattered inhabitants of their danger. The timely warning saved their lives; they immediately fled among the Seven Mountains, and this beautiful valley was deserted by every white inhabitant during the fall and winter of 1777 and 1778. From signs known to this experienced woodsman, he firmly believed that the Indians, who committed the murders, were a numerous and strong body. On his arrival at Brown's, runners were dispatched in every direction to alarm the inhabitants and place them on their guard against the danger of Indian depredations. The wisdom of this measure was fully discovered after the peace of 1783. A Providential circumstance operating upon the superstitious minds of the Indian chiefs, saved Kishacoquillas Valley from the threatened invasion. In the spring of 1778 the horses of Mr. Moore strayed into the Seven Mountains, and in searching for them he discovered the body of an Indian, with his rifle and accoutrements, buried by a large pine log, under the leaves, in a state of preservation. When peace was restored, Mr. Moore inquired of Capt. Hunt, a distinguished chief, the reason of the Indians not invading Kishacoquillas Valley in the fall of 1777, and was informed by him, that after the murder of the Standforde family, a council was held and the attack upon the settlements in that valley determined upon. The forces were to be divided into two bodies; they accordingly proceeded to the execution of the object, and arrived at the gorge or gap of the mountains, west of where William Thompson once lived, in the east end of the valley, near the point where the old Lewistown road entered, that accidently the gun of one of the chiefs exploded and killed the owner; this was deemed an omen of evil import by those children of the forest; a council was called and the expedition abandoned. So great was the alarm occasioned by this accident that the body of the unfortunate chief, with his arms, was left slightly covered with leaves, and in this condition was found by Mr. Moore the spring following. The safety of the inhabitants, the preservation of their lives and their property, in those olden times, rested apparently upon accident, yet the devout mind sees in those circumstances the strongest evidence of the interposition of Divine Providence."

OIL RUNNING TO WASTE.

One Result of Overproduction—Rivers and Ponds of Oil on Fire.

Bradford, Pa., Oct. 2.—At a moderate estimate there are 150,000 gallons of petroleum running to waste every day in the McKean County oil regions. The tanks, with capacity for several million barrels, are filled to overflowing. The market is overstocked, and still production goes on at the rate of at least 25,000 barrels a day, 5,000 more than the pipe lines can handle. New wells are going down in all parts of the region. The price of oil is from 2.5 to 80 cents less per barrel than the cost of production. The United and Tidewater Pipe Lines have iron tankage for 3,000,000 barrels of oil in this district. Individual producers and oil companies own tankage connected with these lines. The pipe lines take care of the oil of these tank owners to the extent of their capacity. It is the small producers who are losing the bulk of the oil. They cannot afford to build tanks.

What is known as the general storage capacity of the pipe lines is proportioned out to these producers, but that tankage has been occupied for weeks, and the surplus runs to waste—down the hills and valleys of McKean County. The streams are literally rivers of oil. Large quantities of petroleum are absorbed by the earth. In marshy places the ground is a mass of greasy mud, several inches deep.

In some parts of the region the streams are damned and the oil collected in large ponds, at places as far distant as possible from derricks and buildings. These ponds are set on fire daily. Thus a large quantity of the waste oil is disposed of. It is not uncommon for fire to be communicated to the combustible rivers by sparks from locomotives. Some times they are fired by malicious persons and tramps. Derricks and other property have been destroyed by these unexpected fires, resulting in losses of thousands of dollars. All efforts to limit the production of oil and stop this great waste have failed. Some years ago the same state of affairs existed in the lower oil region. Rivers of oil flowed from the tanks. It was not until oil fell to forty cents a barrel that the producers came to their senses and, in a measure, stopped the drill.

A WESTERN BOUND PASSENGER TRAIN TELESCOPED.

Twenty or Twenty-five Persons Reported Killed.

Detroit, Mich., October 10.—An accident occurred on the Michican Central railroad, a short distance east of Jackson, about 1 o'clock this morning. The Pacific express bound west, which left Detroit forty minutes late, collided with a switch engine on the main track at that place, telescoping the baggage and express cars and piling the remaining coaches, eleven in number, on top of each other.

The first coach was filled with emigrants, most of whom were killed or seriously injured. Many of the occupants of the other coaches were also killed or injured. It is supposed there are about twenty or twenty-five passengers killed and twenty or thirty wounded, the majority of whom are thought to be emigrants and second class passengers.

——The citizens of Penn Hall school district have raised the necessary funds by subscription to open the old established academy for the winter term, which will be kept up as heretofore and sustain its reputation. The villiage and vicinity deserve credit for their efforts to promote education. The district pays $868 school taxes and gets in return only $125 from the township. X.

——Prof. D. M. Wolf is at present in Philadelphia having an operation performed on his eye.

——Last Tuesday evening the Centre Hall band gave their instruments and property into the hands of a committee and disbanded. We are sorry that such an action has been taken and hope the young men of this place will organize another band again before long.

——Weather still warm and dry, roads fearfully dusty and waters low and cisterns empty everywhere.

A BODY OF MASKED MEN STOP A TRAIN AND CARRY OFF $50,000.

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 9.—The Chicago and Alton train, which left this city at 6.40 p. m. last night, was robbed of its express money at Glendale, fifteen miles east of this city. The train was stopped by about twenty masked men, who kept up a continual firing while the messenger's safe was robbed. The messerger was knocked down, but not seriously hurt. Fifty thousand dollars is the estimated loss. The agent at Glendale is missing.

THE AFGHANS REPULSED NEAR CABUL WITH HEAVY LOSS.

London, October 8.—Sir Frederick Roberts telegraphs from Charasiab on the 6th inst., that the Afghans advanced from Cabul in force and there was heavy fighting all day. The Afghans' position was carried and twelve guns captured. The British lost about eighty killed and wounded. The enemy's loss is unknown but must have been considerable. They fled in great confusion and lost two standards.

ANOTHER COLLISION.

Wheeling, W. Va., October 12.—Two express trains on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad collided last night near Balon, about fifty miles east of Wheeling. The engineer and fireman of the eastward bound train and two tramps were killed. The fireman and postal clerk of the westward bound train were seriously injured. The passengers were considerably jarred but none seriously injured. Both engines and several cars were badly wrecked.

FEARS OF A WATER FAMINE.

A general complaint is made that the supply of water is scarce everywhere. In this section the wells and springs are failing and the cistern supply of water is nearly all exhausted. The streams are very low. Unless the country is favored with copious rains soon a water famine will be upon us. The low stage water in the rivers from which the cities of Pittsburgh and Allegheny derive their water supply are also extremely low. Rigid economy in its use has been enjoined upon the inhabitants.—*Greensburg Democrat.*

THE DRY WEATHER IN VIRGINIA.

Petersburg, Va., October 12.—The dry spell of weather for the past month has caused the creeks in adjoining counties to dry up and mills to cease operations, causing great inconvenience. In some places wells which have hitherto stood the severest droughts are drying. Appomattox river is lower than has been known for years, and mills along its banks cannot do more than half work.

The Assistant Attorney-General for the Post-Office Department has given as his opinion that letters addressed to lottery companies or to individuals, when addressed to them as agents for such companies, are unmailable *per se*, and that the postmasters should refuse to register them. This opinion was to-day adopted by the department and a circular has been issued instructing all postmasters to refuse to mail or register letters or circulars so addressed, or to the schemes against which the Postmaster-General has issued orders. A list of these kchemes (nearly one hundred in number) may be found in the September and October *Guide.*

The Clinton Democrat says that S. G. Wilson, of Bald Eagle, some time ago bought of a stranger, claiming to represent a Michigan firm, the right to sell in Clinton county a patent pruning shear, and gave his note for $300, and agreed to pay a certain amount for each shear sold. No shears have been received by him, but the note was sold in Lock Haven and the holder is pressing payment.

To those who are so unfortunate as to become prematurely gray, or whose hair exhibits a tendency to fall off, we recommend a trial of Hall's Hair Renewer. We do so with the utmost confidence because it is everywhere received with marked favor, and has built upon its own merits such a sure foundation that it is known and used in all civilized countries.—*Addison (N. Y.) Advertiser.*

MARKETS.

PRODUCE.

Philadelphia, October 13.—Flour is in fair demand and held very firmly. Sales of 1000 barrels, including Minnesota extra family $6.50@7; Pennsylvania do. do. at $6.50@7.

Grain—Wheat is in moderate request and higher. Sales of 5000 bushels, including rejected at $1.35@1.36; red and amber $1.37@1.40; and No. 2 red, elevator, at $1.39. Corn, mixed and yellow, at 56@58c Oats at 37½@38½; and white at 39@42c; according to quality.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, October 13.—Wheat active, firm and higher; No. 1 Chicago spring, $1.20@1.20½; No. 2 do. $1.34½ for cash. Corn 38¾c for cash and November. Oats 28c for cash. Rye 71@72c. Barley stronger, at 76c. Timothy seed stronger, at $1.98@2.10. Flaxseed firmer; pure, $1.22.

CATTLE MARKET.

Philadelphia, October 13.—Cattle dull; receipts, 3100 head; extra good, 6¼c; good, 4½c; medium, 4c; common, 3½c.

Sheep—Market active; receipts, 5000 head; prime, 4½@4¾c; good, 4@4¼c; medium, 3¾@4c; common 3½c. Lambs in fair demand; receipts, 1000 head; prime, 5¼@5½c; good, 5@5¼c; medium, 4½@5c; common, $2 to $2.25 each.

Hogs dull; receipts, 3,600 head; prime 6¼c; good, 6c.

There still names on our list in arrears 2, 3, 4 years and over—these would oblige by a remittance in part at least.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—The undersigned will offer at public sale on the premises at Potter's Mills, on

Saturday, Nov. 1. 1879,

at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following real estate, of Miss Molly B. Brisbin, dec'd, viz. A lot of ground, containing 60 ACRES, thereon erected a two-story dwelling, store-house, stable and other outbuildings, with an orchard and a spring of never failing water.

TERMS.—One third of purchase money on confirmation of sale, balance in two annual payments thereafter, to be secured by bond and mortgage.

B. D. BRISBIN,

Oct. 16, 3t. Adm'r.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Venditioni Exponas, issued out of the court of Common Pleas of Centre county, and to me directed, there will be exposed at Public Sale, in Aaronsburg, on Thursday, October 31, A. D., at one o'clock, P. M., the following described Real Estate of the defendant, to wit:

All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in the village of Aaronsburg, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows: On the North by turnpike, on the West by an alley and lands of Bobb, on the South by lands of P. A. Mingle, and on the East by lands of Wirtz, containing two acres more or less, thereon erected a two story frame house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Adam F Winklebleck.

JOHN SPANGLER,

16oct 3t Sheriff.

J. NEWMAN, JR.

KING CLOTHIER AND MERCHANT TAILOR,

Is Selling	His Stock Of	Ready Made Clothing	At Cost and Freight.
Is Selling	His Stock Of	Ready Made Clothing	At Cost and Freight.
Is Selling	His Stock Of	Ready Made Clothing	At Cost and Freight.
Is Selling	His Stock Of	Ready Made Clothing	At Cost and Freight.

As he is quitting the Clothing Trade to go into the Dry Goods Business. This is no sham, but a square and honest transaction.

☞CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER BY FIRST-CLASS TAILORS CHEAPER THAN ANYWHERE ELSE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Twelve hundred cigar makers of Chicago struck on Tuesday for an advance of $2 per thousand, and their demand was granted.

On last Monday the price of coal was to have been advanced.

MARRIED.

On the 6th inst., at the residence of the bride's mother, by Rev. I. Vonada, Mr. Charles Yearick, of Madisonburg, to Miss Jestie C. Lohr, of Gregg twp.

DIED.

In Gregg twp., Oct. 10, of Cancer, Mrs. Sarah Zeigler, wife of Daniel Zeigler, Sr., aged 62 years and 28 days.

At Wards Grove, Joe Daviess county, Ill., Sept. 30th, 1879, Lewis Frasher, aged 55 years, 1 month and 8 days.

The subject of the above notice was born in Miles township, Centre county, Penna., August 22, 1824, where, being left without a father when young, he made his home with George Smeltzer, of Madisonburg, until 1849, when he came west, stopping at Buena Vista, Stephenson county, Ill., working there at his trade, blacksmithing, for two years. On the the 13th of April, 1851, he was married to Elizabeth Spescht, of Union county, Pa.; then in company with Ben. Smeltzer, formerly of Madisonburg, he went to Wards Grove, Joe Daviess county, Ill., and took up 160 acres of government land, which he improved and kept adding thereto, until he had one of the largest and best farms in the county. As a farmer he was a success; as a neighbor, one of the best, as was attested by the large concourse of people that followed him to his last resting place. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, for the rain poured down in torrents, there were about 80 conveyances in line and at church. Lewis Frasher was a good citizen, an honest and upright man, a loving husband and a kind father. He leaves a widow and ten children—eight girls and two boys—to mourn for him. His disease seemed to be cancer of the stomach, from which he suffered for about three months, though able to be up most of the time until ten days before his death. S.

If You Want to be Strong, Healthy and vigorous, take E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. No language can convey an adequate idea of the immediate and a most miraculous change produced by E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron in the diseased, debilitated, and shattered nervous system. Whether broken down by excess, weak by nature, or impaired by sickness, the relaxed and unstrung organization is restored to perfect health and vigor. Sold only in $1.00 bottles, or six bottles for $5.00. Ask your druggist for E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron and take no other. If the latter is not, send to proprietor, E. F. Kunkel, No. 229 N. Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Advice free, send three-cent stamp.

WORMS. WORMS. WORMS.

E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to destroy Pin, Seat, and Stomach Worms. Dr. Kunkel, the only successful physician who removes Tape Worm in two hours, alive with head, and no fee until removed. Common sense teaches if Tape Worms be removed all Common sense teaches if Tape Worms be removed all other worms can be readily destroyed. Advice at office and store, free. The doctor can tell whether or not the patient has worms. Thousands are dying daily with worms, and do not know it. Fits, spasms, cramps, choking and suffocation, sallow complexion, circles around the eyes, swelling and pain in the stomach, restless at night, grinding of the teeth, picking at the nose, cough, fever, itching at the seat, headache, foul breath, the patient grows pale and thin, tickling and irritation in the anus—all these symptoms and more, come from worms. E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to remove them. Price, $1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.00. For Tape Worm write and consult the Doctor. For all others, buy of your druggist the Worm Syrup and if he has it not, send to Dr. E. F. Kunkel, No. 229 North Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Advice by mail, free; send three cent stamp.

Spring Mills Market.

Wheat No1	$1.25
Wheat No 2	$1.20
Rye,	45c.
Corn, ears, per bu. new,	40c
Oats,	26c.
Buckwheat,	75c.
Cloverseed,	$4.00 to $4 50
Chop, per ton,	$23.00.
Plaster, ground per ton,	$10.00
Flour, per bbl	$4.50
Barley	50 to 60c.
Butter,	14c.
Tallow,	6c.
Lard,	6c.
Ham,	12c.
Shoulders,	6c.
Eggs per doz.,	15c.
Tub washed wool	30c.

Coal, Retail.		By Car, Gross.
Egg,	$5 00	$4 50
Stove,	$5 25	$4 75
Chestnut,	$5 00	$4 50
Pea,	$3 25	$3 00

HARRY K. HICKS,

(Successor to T. A. Hicks & Bro.)

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN

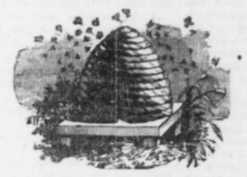
Hardware, Stoves, Oils, Paints Glass, Putty, &c.,

☞Also has the agency of the South Bend Chilled Plow for this county.☜

I WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD BY ANY PARTY THAT SELLS THE SAME QUALITY OF GOODS

Grand Fall Opening

At the BEE-HIVE



ONE PRICE EXCLUSIVE DRY GOODS STORE.

I wish to inform the public that I have just received an immense Stock of Goods,

ALL NEW! ALL NEW!

And I am better prepared to furnish you with all your wants in my line, having made it a study to buy just such goods as are wanted; and, notwithstanding the advance on all goods, I am still selling them at the lowest market prices. My business is founded on the ONE PRICE SYSTEM, which you will find in all cities, Square Dealing and Honesty. My stock is complete in all its branches, consisting of

DRESS GOODS and SILKS, SHAWLS, CLOAKS and BLANKETS, HOUSEKEEPING GOODS,
NOTIONS and TRIMMINGS, DOMESTICS.
HOSIERY and GLOVES, CORSETS, RIBBONS and TIES, ZEPHERS AND YARNS,
CARPETS,
&C.; &C., &C.

All my goods are marked in plain figures. Hoping to receive an early call, I remain respectfully yours,

My motto is, One Price, the very lowest, and no misrepresentation. **J. H. BAULAND.**

Prepared Coke
—FOR—
FAMILY USE.

The Bellefonte & Snow Shoe R. R Co. having completed their Coke Breaker and Screens, are now prepared to furnish all sizes of Coke for Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces.

PRICE,

$3,00 per Ton of 2000 Pounds.

DANIEL RHODES,
2oct 3m Gen. Supt.

CARD.

I. Guggenheimer

would announce, that being about to bring to Bellefonte the LARGEST and BEST ASSORTED STOCK OF CLOTHING ever brought to Centre county, that he will open out for

ABOUT 3 WEEKS

A

BRNACH STORE

In Centre Hall,

ON THE 15th OF OCTOBER.

Any persons that intend purchasing

Clothing

would do well to wait until then and examine his stock. 18sep5t

AT

C. DINGES'

NEW STORE

You can find all kinds of Groceries and Canned Fruits cheaper than anywhere else.

He also has on hand and is constantly receiving Notions, Candies, in great variety, and Tobaccos of the best grades.

TRY HIS YORK CIGARS.

He deals in FLOUR, BRAN, STONE and EARTHEN CROCKS, &c., &c. and takes *all kinds* of Country Produce in exchange.

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For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

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nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

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—H

Getting Rid of the Grasshoppers.

The Virginia City (Nev.) *Chronicle* says: During the past two seasons Sierra valley has been subjected to the devastations of the insatiable grasshopper. The farmers, however, have not been discouraged but have maintained their unequal fight against the pests, unwilling to lose land so productive and valuable as long as there was the slightest hope of deliverance. A new ally has come to the farmer's assistance in the shape of a white worm. Millions of little eggs are laid alongside the grasshoppers' eggs, and the worms coming out first proceed to feast upon the unincubated egg of the grasshopper. If any of the 'hoppers survive the attack of the worms, a little red bug darts into the fray and proceeds to business at once. The first active work he does is to eat the grasshopper's head off. He quietly fastens himself behind the grasshopper's ears and burrows into his brain, which he devours in a few hours, leaving the grasshopper physically and mentally in a bad fix. The 'hopper does not always die, but his mental faculties being affected he loses his fine sense of discrimination, and is just as liable to eat one of his numerous relatives or a patch of weeds as to banquet upon the farmer's wheat, and finally he perishes miserably. The red bug meanwhile dies in the grasshopper's head for want of nourishment, and the white worm, having accomplished its mission on earth, winds up its business affairs and is gathered to its fathers, while the hilarious farmer, happily rid of the multifarious insectivorous pests, takes down his fiddle and his bow and dashes off a familiar hoedown on his back stoop, and the hired help "pat juba," while the children dance merrily until the moon rises in the eastern sky, and all hands go to bed.

"How Long Have I to Live?"

It is not every one who asks himself this question, because, strangely enough it is the belief of most persons that their lives will be exceptionally lengthy. However, life assurance companies are aware of the credulous weaknesses of those whose lives they assure, and have therefore compiled numerous tables of expectancy of life for their own guidance, which are carefully referred to before a policy is granted. The following is one of these well authenticated tables in use among London assurance companies, showing the average length of life at various ages. By this table we are enabled to peep, as it were, behind the scenes of an assurance office, and gather from their table the number of years they will give us to live. This table has been the result of careful calculation, and seldom proves misleading. Of course sudden and premature deaths, as well as lives unusually extended, occasionally occur, but this is a table of the average expectancy of life of an ordinary man or woman:

Age.	More Years to Live.
1	39
10	51
20	41
30	34
40	28
50	21
60	14
70	9
80	4

Our readers will easily gather from the above tabulated statement the number of years to which their lives, according to the law of averages, may reasonably be expected to extend.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Jokes from Paris Papers.

An Italian and a Greek are discussing the glories of their respective fatherlands.

"Greece is the bos country," exclaims the Grecian; "it was from Greece that all the sages and philosophers came—wasn't it?"

"It was—all the sages and philosophers came from Greece, and so you haven't had any since."

What is the matter, Alfred? What do you find so interesting in the river that you stare at it so fixedly?"

"My wife is in bathing suit and took a dive from that boat out there, and she has been under such a time that I'm getting uneasy."

"How long has she been under?"

"About two hours—it wasn't quite three o'clock when she went in."

"Now, young man," said the fond mother to her son, aged four, "you've got to get over oeing such a cry-baby, and I want you to understand that if I see a tear out of your head again to-day I won't take you to the matinee—understand?"

The young man promises to abstain from tears, but in less than half an hour there are chasing each other down his innocent nose.

"Is this the way you keep your promise?" says his mother. "No matinee for boys that cry."

"Oh, ma," he responds, promptly, "I ain't crying—these ain't tears—I'm—boo-noo!—I'm laughing—boo-hoo!"

All that Glitters Is Not Gold.

One of the beauties and charms of an editor's life is in his deadheading it on all occasions. No one who has never tasted of the sweets of that bliss can begin to take in its glory and its happiness. He does $100 worth of advertising for a railroad, gets a "pass" for a year, and rides $25 worth; and then he is looked upon as a deadhead or a halt-blown dead-beat. He "puffs" a concert troupe $10 worth and gets $1 in complimentaries," and is thus passed "free." If the hall is crowded he is begrudged the room he occupies, for it his complimentaries were paying tickets the troupe would be so much in pocket. He blows and puffs a church festival free to any desired extent, and does the poster printing at half rates, and rarely gets a "thank you" for it. It goes in as a part of his duty as an editor. He does more work gratuitously for the town and community than all the rest of the population put together, and gets cursed for it all, while in many instances where a man who donates a few dollars for the Fourth of July, baseball club or church is gratefully remembered. Oh, it is a sweet thing to be an editor. He passes "free," you know. —*Utica Observer.*

Luxurious Leadville Ladies.

The Leadville (Col.) ladies must be a luxurious lot from the following, in the *Chronicle*, of that place: There was a time when rich men's wives and daughters in New York and other cities on the Eastern frontier used to be richly dressed. This was during and immediately after the war. The other days a large consignment of the costly jewels worn by the New York social belles during the times that were good came to ea dville to be sold. Such consignments have been common in the last few weeks. Through reverses in fortunes, the high-toned ladies of New York are compelled to sell. Through great and unexpected prosperity the ladies of Leadville think they must buy, and to hear Mrs. So-and-So, or Miss ——, the daughter of one of the Kittie Krocker mine owners paying two or three thousand dollars for a pair of earrings or four thousand dollars for a brace of bracelets, or two thousand for a finger ring, is nothing uncommon. One house in this city is now wholly engaged in bringing to Leadville the most costly jewels that can be found in the Eastern markets, and during the season now at hand there will be ballroom scenes in Leadville that will dazzle.

A Bird's Eggs Magnetized.

Mr. Lathrop, County Recorder of Lyon county, Nev., has in his office at Dayton a wren's nest, containing two eggs so charged with electricity that they act precisely as a magnet. If the open blade of a knife be placed within half an inch of them, says a local paper, they will be attracted at once, and will adhere to the blade until removed. The eggs were charged with electricity by a telegraph wire passing through the tree which sheltered the nest. They have been in the cabinet about two months, and are just as magnetic now as when he first got them. An offer of fifty dollars has been refused for them.

A new Australian delicacy is finding its way into the London markets in the shape of dried kangaroo tongues. The tails and skins of these animals have long been utilized—the former for making soup, the latter for leather; and the recent enormous destruction of kangaroos has given considerable impetus to these two trades. Struck by the waste of food occasioned by the slaughter of so many thousands of these marsupials, whose bodies are frequently left where they have fallen, a Warroo settler made an experiment in curing the tongues of some of the skin, and so highly were they approved that a considerable trade has sprung up in this commodity. The tongues are usually cured by drying in smoke, like the Russian reindeer tongues.

A Musical Idiot.

The *Gazette Medicale*, presented to the Academy some years since, contains the following notice of a case of musical sensibility highly developed in an idiot:

A female, about sixty years of age, who, when quite young, was entered among the insane of the Salpetriere, was afterward placed in the service of M. Mitivie. She never possessed more than an exceedingly limited intellect, was incapable of dressing herself, or doing any kind of work, or even of uttering an articulate sound. When she wished to express herself she made a kind of grunting or hoarse noise, and repeated it till her meaning was understood. Nevertheless she is a musician, and her skill in sounds goes to a very considerable extent.

The first circumstance that led us to observe this talent was of a nature to fix our attention. A young woman, an inferior dancer or actress at one of the minor theaters of Paris, not long since was admitted in the hospital and placed under restraint. While there her theatrical habits returned at intervals; she sang, declaimed, gesticulated and danced, supporting the characters which she filled. One day she extended her hands to the old idiot and sang a song to which she jumped in time. The idiot followed the air, not the words, for she could not speak, with her voice; she jumped also in time and appeared to enjoy great pleature. It then occurred to us that she might be able to sing anything we should propose. Having allowed her to finish her dance, we begged her to sing certain airs that we described. Our collection was sooner exhausted than hers. It was sufficient, we were told, that she should hear an air once to remember it ever after, and we found that she could repeat it whenever desired. M. Guerry, who was present, composed an air on the spot. The idiot followed him, and at our desire sang it. He then began another melody; she again followed him, but instead of stepping as he did, she completed the air that had been begun, finishing it by an addition of her own which agreed well with the beginning. Wishing to ascertain what effect would be produced upon her by a musical instrument, one of the party played on a flute; she was all eyes and ears, and repeated the airs that were performed. Mr. Lizzt was requested to attend; he touched the pianoforte in her presence. I cannot express her delight; she was immovable, and with her eyes fixed on the fingers of the performer, at the same time biting her fingers, she was in a state impossible to describe. It may be said that she almost vibrated with each of the chords of the instrument—that she felt all that passed in the soul of the musician. She repeated only what she had heard. The sudden change from grave to acute sounds acted on her with prodigious violence, producing an effect similar to an electric shock. The same passage of low and high notes was executed more than twenty times and always with the same result. She liked and desired fruit. Wishing to learn whether she preferred that to music, we gave her some apricots, which she utterly disregarded while Liszt continued to touch the pianoforte, and only thought of them and began to eat when she ceased to hear the music.

Items About Dogs.

Dogs commonly accompany their masters to the theater at Winnipeg, Manitoba, and recently, in the midst of the most tearful scene in "Lady Audley's Secret," two of the brutes got into a fight, and the play was stopped for ten minutes.

A young lady at Bradford, Penn., while on the way to the railroad depot, several times repulsed a dog that sought her company, but finally kicked him, whereupon the aggrieved canine threw himself before a train of cars and was instantly killed.

A rule of the Illinois Central railroad provides that dogs shall not ride in a passenger car; but a big and ferocious bulldog walked into a car at Chicago, appropriated a whole seat, and rode 360 miles unmolested. "He had such a meaning smile," was the conductor's apology for not ejecting him.

As an old gentleman was crossing the Shenandoah river at the Howellsville ford, recently, followed by a favorite shepherd dog, he heard a great commotion behind him in the water, and turning around to see the cause found that his dog had been seized by the tail by a monster bass, and carried under three times before he could release himself from its almost fatal grasp.

J. S. Grable, of this city, has a female canine who is the mother of twelve pups. These pups were in his barn last night during the heavy rain. Shortly after one o'clock Mr. Grable was aroused from his sleep by a scratching at the back door. Upon getting up he found the old dog with a pup in her mouth trying to get in. After taking them in he went to the stable and found about six inches of rain water over the pups' nest and one of the pups drowned. The others had been deposited by the mother upon dry places—one had been laid upon a box, two upon a keg, and still another upon a pile of bricks that was above the water. This is another illustration of something more than mere brute instinct.—*Yankton (Dakota) Press.*

We have loved dogs. In youth we had a noble animal named Brutus. He was intelligent, affectionate and firm. "Down, Brutus!" said a company of schoolgirls in their evening walk, and his demeanor on those occasions marked his pride as well as his courtesy and dignity. One evening a gentleman met the admirable procession, and advanced with an animated step to pay attention to a young lady with whom he was intimately acquainted. Brutus had his eye upon him, and without displaying any rudeness whatever, quietly advanced himself, intercepted the young gentleman's hand as it was gracefully put forward and enveloped it with his mouth just as it was about to clasp the hand of the young lady. The teeth of Brutus were gently pressed upon the hand, but did not pierce or tear it. The young gentleman gradually withdrew the hand which the faithful guard had gently intercepted. He was so struck with the conduct of Brutus that he became his devoted friend, and ever after honored the dog that so faithfully protected the lady he admired.—*Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.*

How Carlyle Served a Visitor.

Thomas Carlyle's power of checking undue forwardness are the theme of numerous anecdotes, the most characteristic of which is the following, which is literally true: A presuming fellow, who had been brought to dine with him by a common friend, began to speak slightingly of his great hero, Burns, calling him "a much overrated man," etc. Carlyle made no comment, which emboldened the critic to continue in the same strain till dinner ended. When they rose to go to the drawing-room, the host broke his grim silence at last: "Is that your hat and stick in the corner, sir?" "Yes." "Then you had better take them and begone at once." The crestfallen visitor obeyed, and his introducer was about to follow, when "true Thomas" stopped him, saying that "*he* had done no wrong." This recalls the story of a worthy Quaker who attempted to disarm a well-known "better tongue" by inviting him to dinner; but the backbiter, while enjoying the good cheer, continued his slanders unabated. The man of peace, after bearing it for a time, suddenly sprang upon his reviler, saying: "Friend, I have given thee a meat-offering and a drink-offering; and now," he added, lifting him through the open window into the street, "I will give thee a *heave*-offering."

The Boomerang.

This curious weapon, peculiar to the native Australian, has often proved a puzzler to men of science. It is a piece of carved wood, usually in the form of a crescent, from thirty to forty inches long, pointed at both ends, and the corner quite sharp. The mode of using it is quite as singular as the weapon. Ask a black to throw it so as to fall at his feet, and away it goes full forty yards before him, skimming along the surface at three or four feet from the ground, when it will suddenly rise in the air fifty or sixty feet, describing a curve and finally drop at the feet of the thrower. During its course it revolves with great rapidity, as on a pivot, with a whizzing noise. It is wonderful so barbarous a people should have invented so singular a weapon, which sets laws of progression at defiance. It is very dangerous for a European to try to project it at any object, as it may return and strike himself. In a native's hand it is a formidable weapon, striking without the projector being seen; like the Irishman's gun, shooting round a corner equally as well as straightforward.—*Scientific American.*

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

Rich chameleon silks in contrasts of olive and gold are revived.

Thread lace of many colors has been imported for the use of milliners.

Waists made with very sharp points are an odd design of French dressmaking.

Bonnets of chenille and beads, both in black and in colors, will be worn this season.

Rosettes are preferred to loops for fastening the drapery of black silk dresses.

Gold color appears in combination with almost all other tints in figured and striped goods.

Black silver is fashionable, and rubies, emeralds or diamonds set in it have an uncommon luster.

Children's stockings are ribbed in solid colors, and have a checkered band just below the knee.

The best French cashmeres now have a little silk mingled with the wool of which they are woven.

Petticoats of black foulard, finished with plaitings edged with white lace, are worn with short dresses.

It is asserted that jet will be used, even on black cashmere dressess, but that it will be applied in new ways.

The coat sleeve has a rival at last in a sleeve that is full at the elbow, narrow at the waist and shirred at the top.

Silver bands for the throat are worn in place of necklaces, and pendant brooches take the place of scarf-pins.

Satin brocades, with threads of gold and silver wrought into their texture, are the newest materials for bridal costumes.

Sheepskin is the name of a new cloth used for mantles by French makers. It is trimmed with chenille powdered with ruby beads.

Chemisettes of shirred dotted net are worn under dresses that open at the throat, and double side-plaited ruches of lace with high-necked gowns.

Sealskin will be made into dolmans instead of jackets this winter. The garments may be bordered with silver otter and lined with scarlet or old gold.

A fine woolen stuff with a rib like ottinity, and called coteline, is shown for winter house dresses. It is the cotton cotelines that were worn in the summer.

Opalescent beads are used in Paris to trim evening toilettes, and it is prophesied that they will be retained throughout the winter for the decoration of fine felts.

Some of the new dresses are made with glove-fitting waists, in the fashion that has prevailed so long, but even heavy materials are formed into fan plaitings and cumbrous shirrings.

You may plait your simple white dresses at the waist, but no other colors can bear this treatment to gain effect. Make the plaits quite narrow and allow for formation of the bust.

There are forty new tints, but no new colors in the new velvets and velveteens. Novel effects are produced by combinations of dark shades and light tints, and by the union of three graduations of one hue.

Infants' slippers are of white, blue and rose-colored kid, fastened with a sandal strap around the ankle by a button-hole and white porcelain button. Little shoes come in the same colors for short cloaks.

The new silks have brocaded stripes of two or three colors, or else small shot figures. The stripes are almost an inch wide and alternate with pencil lines of twilled satin. These silks will be used for sashes, side panels or vests.

Dolman mantles and visites, richly trimmed with jilted passementerie, will be the dress wraps for the earlier weeks of the cold season. The regulation wraps will be the paletot and the princess jacket, either single or double-breasted.

The Two Honeymoons.

Samantha Allen's opinion upon the familiar moons, as expressed in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, is as follows: "Thomas is as determined as a rock about one thing, that when he and Maggie are married they are going to keep house by themselves. The first years in married life is a precarious time, make the best of it; a dreadful, curious, strange, precarious time; and if ever a woman wants a free room for meditation and prayer, it is then; and likewise the same with the man. There never was two persons so near alike but what they were different, and had their different ways and eccentricities. A woman may think she knows a man just as well as if she had been through his head a number of times with a lantern; but let her come to live with him from day to day, from week to week, in sunshine and in storm; when dinner is ready at noon and when it is late; when his boot-jack is on the nail and when it is lost; when stovepipes are up and when they are being put up, and in all other trials and varieties of life. I tell you she will come across little impatient, obstinate streaks in him she never laid eyes on before; little selfish, overbearing streaks. And the same with her. He may have been firm as a rock in the belief that he was marrying an angel, but the very first time he brings unexpected company home on washing-day he'll find he hasn't. They may be awfully good-natured, well-meaning folks, nevertheless, but there are rocks they have got to sail around, and they want strength, and they want patience, and they want elbow-room."

* * * * "There is another moon, what you may call the harvest moon of married life, that rises to light the married lovers on the pilgrimage. It may not be so brilliant and dazzling as the honeymoon, but its light is steady and calm, and mellow as anything, and it shines all the way down to the dark valley, and throws its pure light clear across it to the other side. * * *

Then, if they want to take a few infirm or even bed-ridden relations, on his side or on hers, let 'em take 'em in—it would be perfectly safe."

A Chapter on Jaws.

The amount of advance which any tribe has attained may be roughly estimated by the extent to which jaws have decreased in size. Savage nations use their teeth much more than their civilized compeers. They feed on coarser and harder food, ill-cooked or not cooked at all; they are compelled to masticate what they eat much more powerfully than is the case with nations who live mainly upon ground wheaten bread, boiled rice or well-cooked flesh; they have no knives or forks to assist them in dissecting their meat, and they gnaw bones, cut tendons or crack nuts with their teeth alone. The are often compelled to live upon small and hard seeds, unbruised grain, thick-shelled insects or crustaceans and other solid kinds of food. Moreover, all their foodstuffs contain a large proportion of innutritious matter, rejected by the higher processes of preparation (as, for example, the bran in wheat), and hence they are obliged to eat much more matter to obtain an equal amount of nutriment. Lastly, they use their teeth to a great extent as implements, where civilized people would employ a knife, corkscrew, hammer, pincers or handmill. Through all these causes the jaws of the least advanced savages will retain their original large size, being only so far decreased as necessarily results from their disuse as actual weapons. On the other hand, civilized men have gone on making their cookery or other means for preparing food stand them more and more in the stead of mastication. They have learned to boil or roast meat; to extract the juices in soup, gravy and jelly; to dissect it with saws and carving knives. They have acquired the art of grinding and bolting flour, of baking bread, and of giving it lightness by yeast or leaven. They have rejected the coarser seeds and millets for the cereals, pulses and potatoes. They have minimized the amount of innutritious matter mixed with their food. And so they have given the jaw less and less work to do from generation to generation, until at last its bones have become partially atrophied from disuse, and have assumed their present small dimensions. One of the distinguished peculiarities of a good dinner, as civilized people understand the term, is that it imposes little work upon the diner either in its mastication or its digestion. The soup is clear; the fish is delicate; the cutlets are tender; the chickens are young and well-dressed; the pastry is light and melting; the jellies are smooth, and the fruits and vegetables are soft and pulpy. Contrast such a dinner for a moment with a savage feast on half-cooked flesh and parched grain, and we see at once the reason for this enormous difference in the caliber of the masticating apparatus.

French Meat-Markets.

The restaurants hotels and pastry-cook's shops, writes a Paris correspondent, are visited by a special set of inspectors, whose business it is to ascertain whether the kitchens are clean and the cooking utensils free from verdigris. The Grand Hotel and Cafe Anglais are amenable to this inspection equally with the meanest eating-houses of the suburbs; and if the inspectors discover any ground of complaint they visit the house day after day till the owner mends his manners. Butchers, fishmongers, poulterers and pork-butchers have also a set of inspectors specially appointed to watch over them, and many excellent laws exist in France for keeping the premises of these tradesmen in a healthy condition. Thus, the butcher's shops must have nothing wooden in their fixtures except the chopping-block. The floor must be of stone, the shelves of marble, the walls must be covered with enamel tiles, and in place of shutters there must be iron bars, that fresh air may pour into the shop at all hours of the night. No slaughtering is allowed on the premises of butchers or pork-butchers, the giant slaughter-houses at La Villette being sufficient to meet the requirements of all Paris. Here the cattle and pigs are brought along the outer boulevards between ten at night and nine in the morning, so that there may be no passing of flocks and herds through the city in broad day; and all the delivery of meat must be effected before 10 A. M., in carts having white cloths to cover the quarters of beef and mutton. I had almost forgotten that Paris is possessed of 196 horse-flesh shops which are subjected to the same rules as the butchers: but here, as in the pork-butcher's, the inspectors have a difficult task in trying to prevent offal and putrid meat from being manufactured into sausages, gelatine, pies and other indigestible dainties which Frenchmen love. I am afraid that the inspectors are not very successful, and that the proletarian French sausage will not stand impartial investigation. The bad meat in it may be so chopped up with pepper, spices and garlic that all telltale flavor will be disguised; but the meat must be bad, for the pork-butchers so undersell the butchers, that they would apparently have us believe that half a pound of veal and a similar quantity of lean pork in the fall or up with spices and sold as pie, for about three pence cheaper than a pound of plain veal! Let us pass lightly over this delusion. The inspectors can only do their best, and if they discover offal or tainted meat on a pork-butcher's premises they immediately report the man to the Tribunal de Simple Police, where he is scolded and fined; at the same time his shop will be watched for weeks, till perhaps on some dark night a lad will be discovered stealing forth with a sackful of dead cats, dogs and rats, all ready for consignment to those terrible steam mincing machines, which make a chopped dog look like hashed beef for you in a trice. I should observe by-the-bye, that since the siege of Paris taught Frenchmen such a practical lesson as to the edible qualities of animals formerly banished from their table, no inspector would not quarrel with a tradesman whom he suspected of putting rats into his pies. He would stipulate that the rats be fresh, but that is all; for if he were to object to the label describing the pie as "fine game," the vender might answer that game is a word applied in French to all varieties of wild animals, inasmuch that the rat and mouse-catchers attached to the palaces of the late emperor all bore the grand title of "Chasseur de Menu Gibier."

The Iowa Communistic Village.

On a high bluff overlooking the valley of Nodaway river, in the town of Corning, Iowa, stands a village composed of a dozen small white cottages, arranged in the form of a parallelogram, in the center of which rises a large building, containing a dining-hall, which is also used as an assembly room and for dramatic representations. There are numerous outlying log cabins still sentineling the village, but they, too, are white as the rest. The unfortunate blindfolded man or woman, instead of going to the Corso, as he thinks, moves in every other possible direction and finds himself, when unbanded, either at the Prince's gate or on the other side of the fountain! Rarely, if ever, has any one reached the Corso safely. Before beginning, each player deposits a trifle in the secretary's hands, and each loser adds to the store until the hour of closing has come. The money is spent in a supper and dance, or on a dinner the following day. And this is the Roman amusement for September, and big men and women take part in it with the enthusiasm of children.

The Heaviest, Tallest and Oldest Men.

The tallest men of whom record is made were a German named Hans Bar and a Hungarian soldier, name not given, who lived several centuries ago, each of them being eleven feet high; their weight is not known. The heaviest man of whom record is made was Miles Darden, the Tennessee giant, who was seven and one-half feet high and weighed over 1,000 pounds; he died in 1857. Daniel Lambert, the English "mass of flesh," was five feet and eleven inches in height, and weighed 739 pounds. In 1565 there was buried at Bengal, India, a man named Cugna, who claimed to be 350 years of age. The oldest person who died during the present century was a Frenchman in Paris, named Jean Golembeski, who was 126 years old. A man named David Kurnison died in Chicago in 1851, who claimed to be 116 years old.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Blind Cat" in Rome.

A Rome correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* writes: Our September amusement is not so poetic. This consists of a game called "Blind Cat," well known to children, only it takes place in public here, and all during the night, lasting sometimes until midnight. Those who have been in Rome will remember the Piazza del Popolo, placed at one end of Rome. On one side it has one of the town gates leading into the country; on another there is a garden; opposite to this is the Pincio Hill, with its marvelous terraces, and in front of the gate first mentioned begin the three principal streets of Rome—the Corso, Babuino and Ripetta. The Corso is in the center of Babuino and Ripetta—exactly in front, therefore, of the gate. A church separates each street from the other. In the center of the Piazza is a pyramid and the inevitable fountain. It is at this center fountain precisely that, when all is quiet and omnibuses have ceased to run, and cabs and carriages are rarely seen, that men and women meet in companies and begin the game o "Blind Cat." One of the company is blindfolded at the foot of the column, with his face to the Corso, and then he is let loose to find his way to the Corso. You guess the rest. The unfortunate blindfolded man or woman, instead of going to the Corso, as he thinks, moves in every other possible direction and finds himself, when unbanded, either at the Prince's gate or on the other side of the fountain! Rarely, if ever, has any one reached the Corso safely. Before beginning, each player deposits a trifle in the secretary's hands, and each loser adds to the store until the hour of closing has come. The money is spent in a supper and dance, or on a dinner the following day. And this is the Roman amusement for September, and big men and women take part in it with the enthusiasm of children.

A Chapter on Jaws.

The amount of advance which any tribe has attained may be roughly estimated by the extent to which jaws have decreased in size. Savage nations use their teeth much more than their civilized compeers. They feed on coarser and harder food, ill-cooked or not cooked at all; they are compelled to masticate what they eat much more powerfully than is the case with nations who live mainly upon ground wheaten bread, boiled rice or well-cooked flesh; they have no knives or forks to assist them in dissecting their meat, and they gnaw bones, cut tendons or crack nuts with their teeth alone. The are often compelled to live upon small and hard seeds, unbruised grain, thick-shelled insects or crustaceans and other solid kinds of food. Moreover, all their foodstuffs contain a large proportion of innutritious matter, rejected by the higher processes of preparation (as, for example, the bran in wheat), and hence they are obliged to eat much more matter to obtain an equal amount of nutriment. Lastly, they use their teeth to a great extent as implements, where civilized people would employ a knife, corkscrew, hammer, pincers or handmill. Through all these causes the jaws of the least advanced savages will retain their original large size, being only so far decreased as necessarily results from their disuse as actual weapons. On the other hand, civilized men have gone on making their cookery or other means for preparing food stand them more and more in the stead of mastication. They have learned to boil or roast meat; to extract the juices in soup, gravy and jelly; to dissect it with saws and carving knives. They have acquired the art of grinding and bolting flour, of baking bread, and of giving it lightness by yeast or leaven. They have rejected the coarser seeds and millets for the cereals, pulses and potatoes. They have minimized the amount of innutritious matter mixed with their food. And so they have given the jaw less and less work to do from generation to generation, until at last its bones have become partially atrophied from disuse, and have assumed their present small dimensions. One of the distinguished peculiarities of a good dinner, as civilized people understand the term, is that it imposes little work upon the diner either in its mastication or its digestion. The soup is clear; the fish is delicate; the cutlets are tender; the chickens are young and well-dressed; the pastry is light and melting; the jellies are smooth, and the fruits and vegetables are soft and pulpy. Contrast such a dinner for a moment with a savage feast on half-cooked flesh and parched grain, and we see at once the reason for this enormous difference in the caliber of the masticating apparatus.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Facts for Farmers.

Store potatoes in a dark, cool place, and in shallow bins.

Leave all-winter pears on the tree as long as there is no danger of severe frosts.

Many farmers who use plaster have found its good effects more apparent when salt is added.

Take the topmost ear of corn for seed, and select it from those stalks which bear the greatest number of ears.

Corn stalks and leaves are more nutritious if cut green. Much is lost if the shocks are permitted to remain until late in the year.

If strawberry beds are protected this winter, it is of importance that the material used should not cover the soil with seeds. Probably straw or even the leaves and small stalks of corn are as good as anything that can be used.

To "milk a potato hill" dig down where the earth is cracked open over a potato hill, and take out the large potato. With a little experience you can soon learn to find one or two large potatoes in a hill, and leave the balance of the hill undisturbed, to mature.—*Practical Farmer.*

A farmer has experimented with manure taken from his barn-cellar under cover and exactly the same kind of manure dropped just outside of the cellar, and, of course, exposed to the weather. The crop from the former was just about double that from the latter.—*Lowell Courier.*

Allow only three or four Lima bean vines to a hill, and when four or five feet high pinch them off and never permit them to grow longer than that: this will cause the growth of the lateral branches and double the number of pods —*Farmers' Friend.*

The effort of nature is to produce the greatest possible quantity of seed. It is this seed-producing which so exhaus's the trees, so that by thinning the fruit we not only save the tree from exhaustion (and thus add it to bear also next year), but we turn the juices to good account.—*Potomac Fruit Growers' Report.*

It is a great mistake to allow blackberries and raspberries to grow up tall and spindling, and then in the fall or next spring have to cut off one-half to two-thirds of the wood and cane to make stock to bear fruit. Watch the new growth, and when it gets two or three feet high (owing to stockiness of the plant—if they be small, two feet, and large, three feet), nip off the tip end of the new growth with the fingers or with a knife or shears.—*Michigan Farmer.*

Unless the mangels are to be stored in the cellar or outhouses, we must provide a receptacle for them outside. Shallow pits may be dug in any dry place and a canvas covering or boards placed over them until the weather becomes cold. Then cornstalks, seaweed or salt hay may be thrown over the boards. A covering of earth would answer—light at first and thicker as winter advances. Thus all danger from heating, by this progressive protection, will be avoided.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Useful Plants.

Often has a lake or stream been dragged, and cannon fired over the water to cause a dead body to rise that lay quietly on shore.

Just so it is with many who are constantly buying patent medicines at high prices, when they could get the same thing at their own doors almost. To convince just here. Not ten paces from my door grows the plantain, a universal companion of the tiller of the soil, usually destroyed as a mean weed, which it is, but "give the devil his due," as they say, and let us take out of this plant what we can.

If a shoe has rubbed a foot (and it often happens with us poor clodhoppers), just slip a clean fresh plantain leaf between the sore place and the leather, and then think of this. Lay the plants on a hot stove until wilted and lay them, as a poultice, on a sore or an inflammation and it will give relief. Not far off is the detestable Jamestown with its showy, trumpet-shaped flower, into which the sphinx, tobacco bird, delights to poke its long proboscis in the shades of the evening. Bruise its leaves and pour a little whisky on them, strain it and you have a wash for rubbed shoulders or sore back of horse, that no other wash can excel in the way of healing. The seeds of it fried in lard and the grease used as an application for the piles will give relief equal to anything that can be bought.

The burdock and nettle, both abominations to the husbandman, have their good qualities. The roots will make a tea that will purify the blood, and put a stop to the biggest nest of boils ever hatching on a man's body. The tea is bitter and not pleasant to take, but this is the case with nearly all medicine. The leaves of the common privet are a sure cure for sore mouths, simply by chewing the leaves and letting them rest on the sore in the mouth, and not half as nasty as a chew of tobacco. If this is not on the grounds, a piece of peach-leaf will be often quite a relief.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

Pruning Young Apple Trees and Hunting the Borer.

A correspondent says: I do not agree with those farmers who think they can do all their pruning with the thumb and finger. Not by any means. One might live in an orchard, it is true—and watch every bud, but then you have the disadvantage of being tied to a tree, and not knowing which way a bud will push or whether it will cross another when growing. I prefer a sharp knife and saw, and I prefer to let the young shoots grow one season (not as an invariable rule, however) and then I can easily tell which to save and which to remove. I always cut back when transplanting, whether grafts or seedlings, and generally let them grow as they will the first season; form the top the second year to suit me and follow it up frequently, always carrying a sharp knife. Have done much of the pruning this year early in the morning, before breakfast, and late in the afternoon between tea and dusk. Nevertheless, in an orchard of 1,000 trees, the work is immense, and some 200 young bearing trees which need pruning badly will have to go over until after haying. In hunting for the apple tree borer, I always use a sharp jack-knife and a piece of hoopskirt wire. I never fail to destroy them. It is the only safe and effectual way, whatever is said to the contrary. The more closely I follow them the less they increase each year. Where the trees were examined twice last year, the work of examination was very light this year, and I did not find more than two out of 100 trees affected by the borer. This great pest might be entirely eradicated in a few years by a little painstaking, if every orchardist would only take hold of the work earnestly.

What is Called Fun in Paris.

The Paris correspondent of a New York paper tells this characteristic story of life in the gay capital: The Countess de St. F—— is a lively young woman, with a bedridden husband. She nurses him like a good wife during the day, but, to make up for the weariness of constant attendance in a sick chamber, gives a ball once a week. Her receptions are jolly—more jolly, indeed, than absolutely proper; still, although skittishly inclined to kick over the traces, she is not positively bad, and, being a most amiable hostess, gives no reason to any one for the outrageous practical joke played off on her last week, when some funny wag sent out 3,000 invitations to every "fast" woman and man in Paris. Fifteen hundred persons, of whom not one-tenth knew the countess even by sight, responded to the summons, and as her apartment will not hold more than 200 the overplus of guests filled up the stairs, got into other people's rooms, blocked up the entrance, and, finding out the mystification, either got into a rage and became vituperative or else joined in the spirit of the thing and acted like cads. It was bedlam broke loose. Yells and screams and catcalls rang through the corridors; somebody who was in the secret let off firecrackers, the concierge interfered, other lodgers vociferated, the police were sent for and could not do anything, and only at four in the morning, after five hours of persecution, did the poor lady succeed in clearing the premises of the intruders. Funny, some of the newspapers were disposed to call it; other persons thought it cowardly, as the count's health deprived the wife of a defender, and for another champion than the legally responsible editor to interfere would have been compromising. However, somebody did, and although this is not the cause assigned, the two or three duels which have recently come off or are still on the tapis are its consequences.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States.

Frank F. Boynton, receiving teller of the Boston North Bank, appropriated some of the deposits which he received daily to speculating in California mining stocks. In this way he had embezzled and lost $24,000 when discovery came, followed by an admission of guilt. The bonds of the defaulting teller being $20,000, the bank will lose only $4,000.

A six-foot-high granite shaft to the memory of Major John André has been placed by Cyrus W. Field on Traitor's Hill in Tappan, N. Y., the scene of the spy's execution ninety-nine years ago.

Forest fires have been raging in the vicinity of Norfolk, N. Y., destroying farm-houses, barns and farm property. Many of the roads were impassable on account of the flames. The loss to the surrounding country will be very heavy.

The liabilities of Smith, Howell & Co., grain merchants, of Philadelphia, who failed a short time ago, will reach about $450,000, while their assets will not exceed $50,000.

It is now charged that the track in Madison Square Garden, New York, on which the pedestrians walked during the late match for the Astley belt, was short fifty-nine feet to the mile.

Madam Anderson, the female pedestrian, started in New York on Saturday night to walk 4,236 quarter miles in as many consecutive quarter hours, but when Sunday morning came she was stopped by the police.

Western and Southern States.

Major Thornburgh, with three companies of United States cavalry, escorting a wagon train of Indian supplies from Wyoming, to the White river agency in Northwestern Colorado, was attacked by several hundred Ute Indians on Milk river, eighteen miles north of the agency. The command was passing through a bad canon at noon, one mile south of Milk river, on its march to the agency when attacked by the hostiles, who were in ambuscade. The soldiers retreated in good order to the wagon train, and began to entrench as fast as possible. Major Thornburgh was killed instantly during the retreat. Ten enlisted men and Wagonmaster McKinstry were killed, and at least twenty-five men and teamsters were wounded. Captain Payne, next in command, and two other officers were also wounded. About three-fourths of all the hostiles and mules belonging to the column were killed. A courier succeeded in breaking through the hostile lines and made his way to Rawlins, and news of the disaster was at once telegraphed to Fort Omaha and to General Crook in Chicago. Troops from various points were at once ordered to the relief of the entrenched soldiers, and General Merritt, at Fort D. A. Russell, Cheyenne, was ordered to the command of the expedition. The uprising of the Utes originated in their opposition to the ploughing of a certain piece of land on their reservation which they wanted to cultivate for their ponies. Mr. Meeker, the Ute Indian agent, insisted upon ploughing the land in question, as it was near the agency and the most available for an agency farm.

A fight between a body of soldiers from the Sac and Fox agency in the Indian Territory and a party of twelve desperadoes infesting the region of the agency, resulting in the killing of nine of the bandits and Jim Barker, their leader.

The Nebraska Republicans, at their State convention in Omaha, nominated General Amasa Cobb for Supreme Judge and adopted a platform which demands "protection to voters of the South," calls upon the soldiers to vote as they fought, congratulates the country upon the resumption of specie payments and welcomes General Grant.

About two thousand persons had assembled on a newly-erected grand stand at the county fair ground in Adrian, Mich., to witness the passage of the balloon of Mason & Hamlin Organ Co. all over the world. It certainly the front part falling outward and the back part falling into the river, precipitating the mass of people into the ruins. Six persons were instantly killed and about fifty more wounded, some fatally.

It is feared that Prof. John Wise, the well-known aeronaut, has made his last balloon ascension. Accompanied by the cashier of a St. Louis bank he ascended in a balloon from that city, and five days after ward had not been heard from.

Joseph Kemp was hanged in presence of 3,500 persons at Evening Shade, Ark., for the murder of Marion Hulsey in 1869.

While Paul Aubert, of New Orleans, was cleaning his gun he accidentally discharged it, and the contents entered his mother's head, killing her.

Ten more persons who were on the grand stand at the fair in Adrian, Mich., when it fell in, died on the following day, making the total number of deaths sixteen. The blame of the fatal casualty is laid upon the architect of the grand stand, as it was built unusually light, to admit of space for the exhibition of vehicles underneath, and the timbers were simply spiked together instead of being mortised and braced.

Frederick B. Ferriman, a young man, died at Cincinnati of congestive chills; and on the next day his betrothed, Miss Lulu George, a pretty painter of ability, shot herself fatally, having been driven insane by her lover's death.

Professor Colgrove and C. H. Williams, the latter manager of Woodward Gardens in San Francisco, made a bal